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Sir Richard Brooke, Bart.

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THE

MICROCOSM,

A PERIODICAL WORK,

BY

GREGORY GRIFFIN,

Of the COLLEGE of ETON.

Inscribed to the Rev. Dr. DAVIES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

THE THIRD EDITION.

Quid vetat et nosmet.--HOR.

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NAMES of the AUTHORS.

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Mr. *Canning*, No. 2, Poetry in 5, 7, 11, 12, 18, 22, 26, 30, 32, 39, and Part of 40.

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* In an Etonian's Letter, No. 36, we are proud of confeſſing the aſſiſtance of a name ſo reſpected in the literary world, as Mr. *Capel Loft*, to whom, as an accident put it out of our power on a former occaſion, we take this opportunity of acknowledging the obligation.

THE MICROCOSM.

No. XX.—MONDAY, *March* 26, 1787.

Fratrem facere ex hostibus.—PLAUT.

To make a Brother of a Foe.

HAVING occasion lately to refer to a Chronological Epitome, I accidentally cast my eyes on the name of Julius Cæsar; and it was not without some emotion, that I read the following account of so extraordinary a Character:

Julius Cæsar, Emperor of Rome, born July 10, 100, *invaded Britain, landing at Deal, August* 26*th*, 55, *killed in the Senate-house, March* 15, 44, *A. C. after having fought* 50 *battles, slain above* 1,192,000 *men, and taken by assault* 1000 *towns.*

Whether the compiler of this work has thus briefly given this liſt of deſtruction, without mentioning its cauſes, with a view to ſtigmatize Cæſar as an execrable tyrant, or that he really conſidered theſe exploits as the moſt ſtriking inſtances of his greatneſs, is not for me to determine; certain it is, that a ſelf-taught Philoſopher would form but an indifferent opinion of mankind in general, ſhould he, from this ſketch, derive his knowledge of a hero, whoſe name is idolized as the ſtandard of human greatneſs; whoſe actions command the admiration even of his enemies; and whoſe imitation terminates the moſt extenſive proſpects of ambition.

In this paper, therefore, I ſhall endeavour to prove, that it was not on the ſacking of a thouſand towns, with the murder or alienation of their inhabitants, that Cæſar laid the foundations of that immortality, the deſire of which ſeems to have given motion to the deſigns of his capacious ambition; and rouſed every nerve to thoſe aſtoniſhing exertions which characterize his meaſures as well in the cabinet as the field. That he underſtood and practiſed the nobleſt art of conqueſt, by attacking the generoſity of his enemies in preference

to

to their Fears. And that, if his ambition was of that kind which ſome have repreſented it, a more daring piece of injuſtice was never directed to more beneficial purpoſes.

A dauntleſs reſolution, and cunning revenge, ſays Machiavel, are the moſt effectual aſſiſtants to ambition. How falſe this poſition is, we may ourſelves conclude, when we ſee Borgia employing a life of fraud, in an unſucceſsful attempt to acquire a petty principality; Julius, by an open liberality of ſentiment, and a thorough knowledge of the human heart, riſing from the inſpection of weights and meaſures, to wield the ſceptre of the world: The career of the former checked by the recoil of his own artifice, and himſelf protracting his miſerable exiſtence in the horrors of a debilitated conſtitution, and the diſappointment of blaſted ambition; the latter, nobly ſinking in the very theatre of his glory, by the hands of thoſe whom even in death he had the ſatisfaction of upbraiding with their ingratitude.

Cæſar's is a character, which, though more generally known, has perhaps been leſs equitably inveſtigated than any other in hiſtory. Dazzled

with the luſtre of his ſucceſſes, a kind of reverential awe deters us from tracing their progreſs; or, if we curſorily examine it, we are prejudiced againſt him by what is imagined his prime motive, the aggrandizement of himſelf: and conceive, that as he was the firſt man who eſtabliſhed deſpotiſm on any permanent footing in Rome, he muſt neceſſarily have been the oppreſſor of his country. His partizans have loſt the vices of his heart, in the greatneſs of his mind; and his detractors have reduced even the virtues of a generous temper, to the cold prudence of Political foreſight.

Should I endeavour to examine whether, in a corrupted Common-wealth a man is to be ſo far actuated by ſelf-preſervation, as to make himſelf firſt, where to be ſecond is death; and where the conteſt is, who ſhall firſt ſeize illegal power to the prejudice of the other, whether ambition is juſtified in bearing an active part; I ſhould approach nearer to a Metaphyſical than an hiſtorical diſquiſition. I ſhall therefore content myſelf, with taking a ſhort view of the conduct of Julius, when compared with that of Sylla and Auguſtus. For as all were nearly or preciſely in the ſame ſituations,

ſituations, as all had equal power, all were expoſed to the ſame temptations; and all had the ſame plea for the exerciſe of thoſe cruelties, which the inſolence of ſucceſs, or political jealouſy might dictate, the characters may ſurely be equitably compared; and the merits of each impartially diſtinguiſhed.

The maſſacre of the Villa Publica, and the bloody tribunal of Mutina, are inconteſtible proofs of the ſavage depravity human nature is capable of, when ſteeled by the ſucceſs of illegal ambition, or the avidity of premeditated revenge. But Sylla, it may be anſwered, was only retaliating on the Marians; and Auguſtus was gratifying a laudable reſentment, when perſecuting the murderers of his uncle. Yet Julius had both theſe inſtigations; an imitation of Sylla had been the conſtant threat of Pompey in conſequence of a victory; and thoſe who experienced the generoſity of Cæſar, were the very aſſaſſins who had been inſtrumental to the murder of his relations. The unfeeling cruelty of Sylla, and the cold ſaturnine revenge of Auguſtus, are proofs of black and depraved hearts, which we no where find in Julius: on the contrary, if we may credit the

teſtimony of Suetonius, and other writers of his hiſtory, he ſeems to have expreſſed a concern for the alternative he was reduced to on the eve of every important enterprize during his civil wars; and even to have turned with horror and commiſeration from the bleeding head of his moſt inveterate enemy. His apparent ſeverity to the barbarians during his provincial adminiſtration, has with ſome appearance of reaſon been conſidered as a ſtigma on his character; but if we trace this conſummate General through his operations in Gaul, if we thoroughly examine the character of the ſurrounding nations, their ferocity when conquerors, and their perfidy when admitted to equitable terms, we ſhall immediately acquit him of wanton cruelty; and refer any apparent act of injuſtice to the neceſſity he was under of ſubduing, by violent and arbitrary meaſures, a people, whoſe fears were their only ties of fidelity. Their entire ſubjection was abſolutely neceſſary to the ſafety of the Romans, whoſe inmoſt barrier they ſurrounded on every ſide; yet even in this dangerous ſituation, Cæſar, on every poſſible occaſion, preferred the more gentle method of expoſtulation and reproof, to thoſe bloody remedies which ſeem to have been ſo repugnant to his diſpoſition.

A ſimilar behaviour in the ſucceeding age of ſo unimpeached a character as Germanicus, will ſufficiently evince the neceſſity of ſeaſonable acts of violence among barbarians. "*Orabat,*" ſays Tacitus, when deſcribing his conduct in the midſt of an engagement, "*inſiſterent cædibus; ſolam in-*"*ternecionem gentis finem belli fore.*" "He en-"treated them to purſue their ſlaughter; that "the extirpation of the whole race alone would "put an end to the war;" plainly proving, by this unuſual eagerneſs for bloodſhed in ſo humane a conqueror, that it is ſometimes neceſſary to frighten into ſervitude, thoſe, who cannot be enticed into alliance.

From theſe appearances then, however his boundleſs ambition may have blinded him to the nicer diſtinctions of right and wrong, may we conclude, that it was not from a promiſcuous effuſion of blood, and the undiſtinguiſhed maſs of a million of carcaſes, that Cæſar ſtrove to deſerve the name of *great;* and that by whatever exceſſes it was gained, no man ever made a more temperate uſe of illegal authority. Nay, even admitting what it is improbable to ſuppoſe, that this lenity proceeded not from a diſpoſition naturally mer-

cial, but from a refinement in political artifice, the man whose reason will enable him so far to subject his resentments to his interest, has at least the merit of promoting with his own, the common interest of mankind.

And here it may not be amiss to examine the tendency of this forgiving principle, which is so peculiarly the offspring of Christianity, that the contrary seems almost to have been a tenet of Heathen morality. For we find those alone among the ancients, whose greatness of mind, or purity of morals, as it were instinctively dictated to them some of the leading points in the Gospel doctrine, to have affected, or even conceived this philosophic conquest over the passions. Lycurgus, Aristides, Titus, Trajan, and Adrian, are striking instances of this; nor have we any example of the remembrance of an injury voluntarily foregone by a Claudius or a Tiberius. The reason is obvious; the mind of man naturally recoils at an indignity; and it is as much in our natures to seek the gratification of our revenge by the destruction of the offending object, as it is in the adder to wound the heel which treads on it. Unenlightened then, and undirected, how can man so

ſo far counteract the operations of his nature, as to detect the inſidious treachery of this paſſion; and ſacrifice what he conſiders a juſt reſentment, to what the world would name a blameable timidity.

But let it not be imagined that the ſuppreſſion of a paſſion ſo invariably implanted in our nature, will tend at all to Apathize the finer feelings of the ſoul; or that the patient endurance of the primitive Chriſtian, borders on the haughty inſenſibility of the Stoic. In the very ſuffering an injury, a great mind feels a conſcious ſatisfaction, in pity for the petulant weakneſs of the injurer; and in forgiving it, the ſublime pleaſure which this art of upbraiding an enemy into a friend, never fails to inſpire. Revenge may for a moment caſt an illuſive gleam over the mind, but is incapable of lulling thoſe reflections its conſequences may give riſe to; or obtaining that compleat triumph over the inclinations of a fallen enemy.

But however this principle might tend to the happineſs or aggrandizement of human nature, its ſuperior advantages, without the aſſiſtance of revealed religion, would probably have never been

thoroughly underſtood. For though in ſome inſtances the practice of it in the Heathen world may ſeem to ſtagger this opinion, their moſt refined Philoſophy has never ranked it in their catalogue of virtues; or conſiderered it as one of thoſe unalterable dogmas which conſtitute a wiſe and good man. In the diſputations of the Socratic School, and the Philoſophic retirement of Tuſculum, the ſubjection of ambition, pleaſure, and the other leading paſſions of the human mind, to the calm and diſpaſſionate direction of wiſdom, were diſcuſſed with the utmoſt refinement of wit and knowledge; and ſtill remain the intereſting pictures of ſuperior underſtanding, emerging from the darkneſs of ſuperſtition, and ſtruggling for liberality of ſentiment, amidſt the diſadvantages of Pagan prejudice: while retaliation of injuries, nay, even heriditary enmities, were conſidered not as the weakneſſes, but almoſt the abſolute duties of human nature.

So ſeldom do we find this principle characterized in the writings of the ancients, that it was with ſome difficulty I could find a motto for this paper; and had I not been afraid of ſo early alarming my fellow-citizens, I had at one time

ſome

ſome thoughts of referring to the Greek teſtament for that purpoſe. Homer has deſcribed but one of his heroes as being ευήεα τε κρατερόν τε, *gentle and valiant*. Even in the amiable Hector, who unites in his character the Patriot, the Son, the Huſband, and Father, we do not find the ſuperior generoſity of foregoing his reſentments. And Virgil's "*parcere ſubjectis*" may rather be conſidered as deſcriptive of the imperious condeſcenſion of the Roman Senate, than that refined lenity which ſtrives to obliterate the obligation in the manner of conferring it. Cæſar indeed, in his letter to Oppius, has a profeſſion of this virtue; but as I have in a great meaſure interwoven his defence with my ſubject, a quotation from him might have been conſidered as a partial evidence. I do not recollect that in any other paſſage of the more familiar claſſicks, there is any thing perfectly deſcriptive of it; nay, even amidſt the ſounding pageantry of title with which their poets have decked the heathen deities, there is none in my opinion ſo comprehenſively expreſſive of the divine attributes, as the ſimple and unaffected addreſs of ALMIGHTY AND MOST MERCIFUL FATHER.

THE MICROCOSM.

No. XXI.—MONDAY, *April* 2, 1787.

'*Chlorcaque, Sybarimque, Daretaque, Therſilochumque.*
VIRGIL's Æn. 12. 363*v*.

'*Chloreus, and Sybaris, and Dares, and Therſilochus.*

'To G. GRIFFIN, Esq.

'SIR,

'THE author, from whom I have adopted 'this motto, has been juſtly eſteemed 'of all Poets, both ancient and mo- 'dern, the moſt pathetic. But per- 'haps, if every paſſage, whoſe excellence con- 'ſiſted in awaking the tender feelings of the 'Reader, ſhould be collected and compared to- 'gether, there would not be found one, in which the

'the writer has displayed a greater share of sensi-
'bility than in this single line which I have
'selected.

'Such indeed with me has been the influence
'of the abovementioned Hexameter, that I never
'could reflect, without indignation and astonish-
'ment, that Virgil, who had been so liberally re-
'warded for twenty-six lines in the sixth book of
'his Æneid, should for this never have received
'the gratuity of a farthing. In whatever point of
'view the two passages shall be examined, it will
'be found that the latter is in all respects equal if
'not superior to the former. There is no one, I
'believe, who will be so hardy as to deny, that
'the verse, for whose merit I am contending, is
'eminently distinguished by every quality, which
'the Critics have deemed necessary to the con-
'stitution of the most beautiful poetry. If the
'greatest originality of thought, the noblest sim-
'plicity of expression, the most exquisite pathos,
'and the finest adaption of the sound to the
'sense, can entitle a verse to the name of ex-
'cellent, I shall not hesitate to pronounce, that
'the one I am speaking of, is as worthy of admi-
'ration as any in the poem.

In

'In order to see whether it be so, let us try it 'in each of the above particulars; though I am 'sensible, that there are people, who have been 'bold enough to assert, that the names which it 'contains are borrowed from history or tradi-'tion; I cannot but look upon myself as in duty 'bound to believe, that they are the genuine off-'spring of the poet's imagination. For as no 'such tradition is now current, and as no such 'history has ever been produced, charity demands 'of me, that I should incline to the favorable side 'of the question. In this I am the more particu-'larly justified, when I reflect, that Virgil, from 'other parts of his works, has given us strong 'reason to conclude that he was abundantly ca-'pable of inventing for himself, what he is here 'accused of having taken from another. With 'regard to simplicity, I should hold myself much 'indebted to any individual, who would point out 'to me, in the whole compass of poetry, one sin-'gle passage by which in this respect the motto of 'my letter has ever been exceeded. Tho' the ex-'pression be plain and unaffected, there is nothing 'that borders upon meanness; and although it is 'copious, there is nothing redundant. Though

'it

'it is level with the capacity of a child, it ex-
'torts admiration from the wiſdom of old age.

'Let us now ſee how excellent is the verſifica-
'tion; and how well it is ſuited to the meaning
'which the words are intended to convey. The
'author's purpoſe was certainly to awaken the
'finer ſenſibilities of the ſoul; to ſhew us how
'ſuddenly the life of mortals paſſeth away; and
'how many there are who ſeem to have exiſted,
'merely that they might by their fall give a luſtre
'to others. How admirably the flow of the verſe
'in conſideration is calculated to ſuggeſt theſe
'ideas, the moſt undiſtinguiſhing and moſt un-
'practiſed ear cannot but diſcern. For beſides,
'that there is in the general run of the line ſome-
'thing moſt muſically mournful and melancholy,
'the Cæſura after the firſt foot has wonderfully
'tended to promote this effect. The reader natu-
'rally expects after a dactyl to reſt upon a long
'ſyllable, but here he is unhappily deceived, and
'the ground which he imagined to be firm, ſinks
'as it were beneath him. How ingeniouſly does
'this illuſtrate the caſe of mankind, who are apt to
'regard this life as a permanent poſſeſſion; but
'ſoon find, that they have leaned upon a reed.

'Laſtly,

'Laſtly, let us conſider this line with regard to 'the pathetic. For my own part, I could ſcarcely 'ever peruſe it without ſhedding tears. If there 'be a man who would feel no emotion in reading 'over an enumeration of perſonages, whoſe ex-'iſtence is never mentioned but once, and that 'only in order to tell you how it was concluded, I 'ſhould be apt, againſt ſuch a one to exclaim with 'my favorite Author,

'———*duris genuit te cautibus horrens*
'*Caucaſus, Hircanæque admôrunt ubera tigres.*.
'——— *Caucaſus, with rocks*
'*Horrid, diſcloſ d him from his flinty ſides*
'*And fierce Hyrcanian tygers gave him ſuck.*

TRAPP.

'Suppoſing, however, that people of this 'diſpoſition are rarely to be met with, I ſhall take 'the liberty of addreſſing myſelf to my reader, as 'to one who will think and ſympathize with me. 'Gentle, therefore, and courteous as I take thee 'to be, I cannot but imagine that thou art troubled 'with the ſame melancholy reflections as I am, 'whenever thou beholdeſt a catalogue of perſons 'who are ſuppoſed indeed to have exiſted, but of-'whom hiſtory has left us no trace or memorial, 'except their names. For my part I muſt con-

'feſs,

'fefs, that no invention of Poets, however artful, 'no tale of Novelifts, however tender, no elo-'quence of Orators, however elaborate, no narrative 'of Hiftorians, however tragical, has fuch power 'to work upon my affections, as the fimple and un-'adorned pages of a Parifh Regifter. If I fhould 'attempt to account for this effect, I would refer 'it to two caufes; the one, as they tend to infpire 'us with melancholy and mortifying ideas of hu-'man nature itfelf; and the other, as they bring 'home a painful truth to the bofom of almoft 'every Individual. Confidering how fmall is the 'number of perfons, whofe fuperior qualifications 'of intellect or body can enable them to furvive 'the lapfe of a fingle century, there are furely few, 'whofe endowments, whether fancied or real, can 'prevent them from ranking themfelves in the 'number of thofe who are foon to be forgotten. 'In reading thofe affecting catalogues of the liv-'ing and the dead, which are to be met with in 'almoft every village of the kingdom, we are apt, 'upon recollecting the truth of the above obfer-'vation, to put this fimple queftion to ourfelves, "*Have I any reafon to fuppofe, that nature has be-*"*ftowed upon me fuch pre-eminence of mind or body,* "*as may refcue my name from that oblivion which is*

"*the*

" *the general lot of humanity?*" Here vanity and ' ambition tempt me to ſay *Yes*; but truth, like ' Tiſiphone, ſtares me in the face, 'till I am ' compelled to anſwer *No*.

' Dreary as this idea may be, perhaps we are ' little leſs mortified, when we turn from our- ' ſelves, in order to ſurvey the world at large; to ' reflect, that amidſt ſo many millions, ſo inconſi- ' derable a portion ſhould be able to erect for ' themſelves a memorial of a thouſand years; that ' few have wanted the vanity to aſpire to what ſtill ' fewer have had the felicity to ſucceed in; that ' the ſame end has been attempted by means dia- ' metrically oppoſite; and that the moſt laborious ' efforts of virtue and vice, of laudable and per- ' verted ambition, have often been exhauſted in ' vain.

' Indeed, the idea of being utterly forgotten ' after death, is ſo repugnant to the firſt and ruling ' principles of our nature, that I am little ſur- ' priſed at the extravagant audacity of that man, ' who, reſolving to be known to poſterity, ſeized ' probably upon the only method which lay within ' the reach of his abilities, by ſetting fire to the ' magnificent

'magnificent temple at Epheſus. The deſire of 'being diſtinguiſhed when we are preſent, and of 'being remembered when we are abſent, is the 'firſt paſſion which diſcovers itſelf in our youth; 'and the laſt which adheres to us in our old age. 'You, Sir, muſt frequently have obſerved, how 'fond the citizens of your little world are of carv-'ing their names upon every form and wainſcot 'in the ſchool. Though this I know is apt to en-'flame the breaſt of a maſter with wrath and in-'dignation, I cannot but confeſs, that to my mind 'it ſuggeſts a number of melancholy and pleaſing 'ideas. The ſight of theſe curious engravings, 'brings naturally to my recollection, that I was 'lately at ſchool myſelf; that I was engaged in 'the ſame amuſements and purſuits with thoſe 'around me; that I took the ſame methods to 'immortalize my name which they have done; 'and that I failed in the attempt, which they too 'may find to have been the caſe with themſelves 'hereafter.

'In order to ſhew how firmly this deſire of im-'mortality is retained by us in the laſt period of 'our exiſtence, I cannot help mentioning Mr. 'Powel, the Fire-eater, whom I remember to have

'ſeen

'ſeen when at Eton. This gentleman, after hav-
'ing amuſed himſelf with eating lead, brimſtone,
'and ſealing-wax, melted down together, obſerved
'to the company, that he was advancing, by very
'rapid ſtrides, towards "*that undiſcovered country*
"*from whoſe bourn no traveller returns.*" He
'conſoled himſelf however with the idea, that the
'miracle which he was performing upon his body,
'would be retained with joy in the memories of
'the ſpectators, at a time when that body ſhould
'be lying in the duſt. Trivial as to ſome phi-
'loſophers may appear to have been the object of
'this man's ambition, I cannot help thinking, that
'this was the ointment which counteracted the
'natural influence of the lava which he had been
'devouring. For it is with difficulty that I can
'conceive a perſon undergoing ſuch painful opera-
'tions, and contenting himſelf with ſuch unpa-
'latable food, unleſs he was inſtigated by ſome
'greater inducement than the trifling emoluments
'accruing from his exhibitions.

'Here I cannot help ſtaying to pay my tribute
'of applauſe to the worth of ſo great a man. How-
'ever ſome people may affect to deſpiſe the object
'of Mr. Powel's ambition, I ſhall make it my bu-
'ſineſs

'ſineſs to ſhew, that it was not inconſiſtent with 'the dignity of a man, a philoſopher, and a 'chriſtian. How many ſtoics have conſigned their 'names to immortality, without any pretenſions 'to thoſe ſublime virtues which are conſpicuous 'in the character of Mr. Powel? It was the higheſt 'boaſt of a ſtoic, that he could look with adaman-'tine indifference on the death of his neareſt rela-'tions: In how much more amiable, and how 'much more heroic a light does the conduct of 'Mr. Powel appear to us! So far from ſteeling his 'heart with the unnatural apathy of a ſtoic, he ex-'ulted in the *warm* benevolence of a chriſtian; and 'ſubmitted to the moſt *fiery* trials, merely to en-'tertain thoſe with whom he had not the moſt 'diſtant connexion. By way of corollary, (to 'uſe a term in mathematics) what would not this 'man have undergone to ſerve his friends? If we 'might reaſon from arguments *a fortiori*, we ſhould 'conclude, that he would have rejoiced to follow 'even Shadrack, Meſhack, and Abed-nego. After 'what I have ſaid, I ſhould imagine, that few will 'deny to Mr. Powel the merit of patience the 'moſt enduring, combined with a philanthropy 'the moſt comprehenſive. There is another vir-'tue in which I think the character of Mr. Powel

'may

'may ſtand in competition with that of the moſt 'exalted heroes of antiquity—I mean temper- 'ance. Seneca indeed has talked to us in very 'lofty terms of the abſtinence of ſome of the 'earlier worthies of his own country, and thoſe of 'Lacedæmon; the diet of the former was ſuch 'as would at this day be eſteemed a luxury by 'thouſands; and as for the black broth of the 'latter, I do not recollect, amidſt all the ingre- 'dients which compoſed it, that melted lead, 'ſealing-wax, and brimſtone, were ever included. 'As a patriot, I conſider Mr. Powel as one of the 'greateſt that this century can boaſt of; for tho' I 'do not recollect that he was ever called out by 'any particular emergency to take an active part 'in the defence of his country, who can believe, 'that a Perſon to whom Fire had been literally 'meat, drink, and cloathing, would not naturally 'fly where war grew hotteſt; and would conſe- 'quently be moſt congenial to his diſpoſition and 'occupations in life? Now if we ſum up our 'evidence, we ſhall find, that the ſublimer virtues 'of patience, temperance, and patriotiſm; to 'gether with the ſofter and more amiable ones of 'philanthropy and friendſhip, were of courſe in- 'cluded in the art which Mr. Powel profeſſed:

'We

'We ſhall not heſitate therefore a moment in pronouncing the object of his ambition to have been compatible with the character of a wiſe and good man.

'I cannot conclude this paper without regretting my inability to perpetuate the memory of this illuſtrious Phænomenon of *Salamanderſhip* and Virtue. This however I can aſſure him, if my feeble endeavours could effect it, "*his name ſhould flouriſh in the mouths of men.*"

L.'

THE MICROCOSM.

No. XXII.—MONDAY, *April* 9, 1787.

Tantum de medio sumptis accedit honoris. —Hor.

Such honour common subjects may receive.

'SIR,

'I MUST no doubt often have occurred 'to a writer of your penetration, that 'there is nothing more unjust, and illi-'beral, than those ill-grounded prejudices, which 'confound in general censure, or undistinguishing 'contempt, any particular class or description of 'men. And yet these prejudices, however sen-'sible

'ſible we cannot but be of their improper ten-
'dency, we are all too apt to indulge; till nou-
'riſhed by long habit, they take as deep root in
'our minds as if they had been implanted there
'by nature; and acquire ſuch ſtrength, as enable
'them to withſtand the moſt forcible arguments,
'to reſiſt the moſt palpable conviction.

'There are in *Turkey* a body of men, againſt
'whom univerſal contempt is indiſcriminately,
'as well as undeſervedly directed; and theſe are
'the worſhipful company of GROCERS. Inſo-
'much, that ſhould any member of a noble fa-
'mily have diſgraced himſelf and his connec-
'tions, by living a life of tranquility, or what is
'worſe, dying in his bed, that is, a natural death,
'his name is never pronounced by his relations
'but with diſapprobation and diſguſt; and his me-
'mory is conſigned to infamy, for having, as they
'ſay, lived and died like a RACCAL, or GROCER.

'The perſon who has now the honour to addreſs
'you, is a member of a community, who by the
'courteſy of England, are like the RACCALS of
'*Turkey*, collectively involved in the moſt indiſcri-
'minate ridicule, the moſt comprehenſive con-

'tempt; I say collectively, Sir, because, individually we are allowed to have no existence; the 'wicked waggery of the world, judging *nine* 'WEAVERS, and *nine* TAYLORS requisite to the 'formation of one man. Yes, Sir, to so high a 'pitch have they carried the disrespect in which 'these professions are held, that in the eyes of "the "Many," (as the Poet calls them) to address a 'man by the appellation either of WEAVER or 'TAYLOR, implies not only, as formerly, a re-'flection on his horsemanship, but on his personal 'courage, and even his personal existence.

'I, Sir, am a WEAVER; I feel for the injured 'dignity of my profession; and since, thanks to 'my own genius, and two years and a half of edu-'cation at an Academy on *Tower-Hill*, I have a 'very decent acquaintance with the *Classics*; that 'is I know them all by name, and can tell *Greek* 'when I see it, any day in the week; and since, 'as far as *Shakespear's* Plays, and all the *Monthly* '*Magazines* go, I have a very pretty share of '*English* book-learning; from these considerations, 'Mr. Griffin, I think myself qualified to con-'tend, not for the utility and respectability only, 'but for the honour of the Art of WEAVING.

'TAY-

'TAYLORING, as it is secondary to WEAVING, 'will of course partake of the fruits of my labours; 'as, in asserting the dignity of the one, I maintain 'the credit of the other.

'To this end, Mr. Griffin, I shall not appeal 'to the candour of my readers, but shall provoke 'their judgment; I shall not solicit their in-'dulgence, but by the force of demonstration 'will claim their assent, to my opinion.

'POETRY, Sir, is universally allowed to be the 'first and noblest of the arts and sciences; inso-'much, that it is the opinion of critics, that an 'Epic Poem is the greatest work the human 'mind is capable of bringing to perfection. If 'then I can prove, that the ART of WEAVING is 'in any degree analogous to the ART of POETRY; 'if this Analogy has been allowed by the whole 'tribe of critics; so far, that in speaking of the 'latter they have used the terms of the former, 'and have passed judgment on the works of the 'POET in the language of the MANUFACTURER; 'nay, if POETRY herself has condescended to imi-'tate the expressions, and to adopt the technical 'terms into her own vocabulary; then may I

'surely hope, that the ſanction of CRITICISM may challenge the reſpect, and the flattery of Po-'ETRY (for imitation is the higheſt degree of 'flattery) may claim the admiration of mankind.

'Firſt then with regard to CRITICISM; to ſe-'lect a few examples from a multitude of others, 'are we not entertained in the works of *Longinus* 'and the *Gentleman's Magazine*, with delectable 'diſſertations on the WEAVING of Plots and the 'INTERWEAVING of Epiſodes? Are we not con-'tinually informed, that the Author unravels the 'WEB of his intrigue, or breaks the THREAD of 'his narration? Beſides theſe, a friend of mine, a 'great Etymologiſt, has aſſured me, that BOM-'BAST and BOMBASIN originally ſpring from the 'ſame root; and FUSTIAN, every body knows, is a 'term applied indifferently to paſſages in poetry, 'or materials for a pair of breeches. So ſimilar is 'conſidered the ſkill employed in the TEXTURE of 'an EPIC POEM and a piece of BROAD CLOTH; ſo 'parallel the qualifications requiſite to throw the 'SHUTTLE and guide the PEN.

'I was not a little pleaſed the other day to find, 'in the critique of one of the moſt eminent writers 'of

'of the preſent day, the works of a favourite Poet 'ſtyled a TISSUE. An idea then occurred to me, 'ſuggeſted perhaps by my partiality for my pro-'feſſion, which I am not without ſome faint hope 'of one day ſeeing accompliſhed.

'By a little labour and ingenuity, it might 'ſurely be diſcovered, that the works of different 'AUTHORS bear a conſiderable affinity, (like this 'of the Tiſſue) to the different productions of the 'LOOM. Thus, to enumerate a few inſtances, 'without any regard to chronological order, 'might not the flowery ſmoothneſs of POPE, be 'aptly enough compared to FLOWERED SAT-'TIN? Might not the compoſitions of all the 'POETS LAUREATE, ancient and modern, be 'very properly termed PRINCES STUFF? And 'who would diſpute the title of HOMER, to EVER-'LASTING? For SHAKESPEAR indeed, I am at a 'loſs for a compariſon, unleſs I ſhould liken him 'to thoſe SHOT SILKS, which vary the brightneſs 'of their hues into a multitude of different lights 'and ſhades. And would Orthography allow of 'the pun, I might ſay, that there are few Poets 'but would be proud to be thought worthy of 'the GREEN BAYS.

'For proof of the uſe which POETRY makes 'of the WEAVER's dictionary, *vide* ten thouſand 'Odes on Spring; where you may catch the fra- 'grance of the DAMASK roſe; liſten to the ruſtling 'of the SILKEN foliage; or lie extended with a 'liſtleſs languor, pillowing your head upon the 'VELVET mead; to ſay nothing of NATURE's 'LOOM, which is ſet to work regularly on the 'firſt of May, to weave variegated CARPETS for 'the lawns and landſcapes. Now, Mr. Griffin, 'theſe ſimilitudes, though very pretty, and very '*a-propos*, I own I am not perfectly ſatisfied with. 'The *Genoeſe* certainly excel us in the article of 'VELVETS; and *French* SILKS are by many peo- 'ple far preferred for elegance to any of *Engliſh* 'manufacture. I appeal then to you, Mr. Grif- 'fin, if theſe alluſions would not be much more 'delightful to *Britiſh* ears, if they tended to pro- 'mote ſuch manufactures as are more peculiarly 'our own. The *Georgics* of Virgil, let me tell 'you, Sir, have been ſuſpected by ſome people, 'to have been written with a political, as well as 'poetical view; for the purpoſe of converting the 'victorious ſpirits of the *Roman* Soldiery from 'the love of war, and the ſeverity of military 'hardſhips, to the milder occupations of peace, and

'the

'the more profitable employments of agriculture. 'Surely, equally ſucceſsful would be the endea-'vours of our Poets, if they would boldly extirpate 'from their writings every ſpecies of foreign ma-'nufacture; and adopt in their ſtead, materials from 'the prolific looms of their countrymen. Surely, 'we have a variety which would ſuit all ſubjects 'and all deſcriptions;—nor do I deſpair, if this 'letter has the deſired effect, but I ſhall preſently 'ſee landſcapes beautifully diverſified with (all due 'deference being paid to alliteration) plains of 'PLUSH, paſtures of POPLIN, downs of DIMITY, 'valies of VELVERET, and meadows of MAN-'CHESTER. How glorioufly novel would this 'be; how patriotically poetical an innovation; 'which nothing but bigotted prejudice could ob-'ject to, nothing but diſaffection to the intereſts 'of the country could diſapprove.

'Excuſe me, Sir, if I have detained you beyond 'the uſual limits of a letter, on a ſubject, in 'which I am ſo deeply intereſted. Pardon, Sir, 'the partiality of an old man, to the profeſſion of 'his youth; and, O! Mr. Griffin, may your pa-'per be the means of reſcuing from unmerited ri-'dicule and illiberal contempt, an ART, which

'has added a clearneſs and a poliſh to the remarks 'of CRITICISM; and has cloathed the conceptions 'of POETRY in the language of Metaphor: an 'ART, inferior to none, but thoſe, which have 'ſo frequently and ſo ſucceſsfully borrowed its 'aſſiſtance; nor even to them, unleſs it can be 'proved, that that which provides the neceſſary '*raiment* for the *body*, ſhould yield to thoſe which 'are but the ſources of *amuſement* to the *Mind*.

'I am, Sir,

'Your's, &c.

'H. HOMESPUN.'

I cannot but own myſelf much pleaſed with the enthuſiaſm which ſeems to animate my correſpondent, while he treats on a ſubject ſo near his Heart. He has, I can aſſure him, my full approbation to his propoſed improvements; and I am convinced every well meaning perſon in his Majeſty's kingdoms muſt feel the force of his reaſoning.—Will any caviller preſume to contend, that our Looms are not as fertile of poetic imagery, as thoſe of our neighbours? Have we not handkerchiefs of printed cotton, crowded with all the beauties of rural ſcenery? and "azure flowers that blow," in the carpets of the Wilton manufactory?

factory? Nay, even ſuppoſing an unqueſtionable inferiority on the ſide of the *Engliſh* Looms, would not every *Engliſhman* ſtill ſhew a laudable partiality to his country? and by ſuch a preference, what he loſt in Poetry, would he not amply make up in patriotiſm?

In ſhort, ſo convinced am I, by Mr. Homeſpun's arguments, that I cannot help taking the earlieſt opportunity to recommend to ſuch of my correſpondents, as may have been induced by the forwardneſs of the ſeaſon, to begin Odes on Spring for the uſe of the MICROCOSM, that they would be careful to ſtick to the productions of the *Engliſh* Loom, if they think it neceſſary to draw Metaphors from WEAVING at all; that is, if they *do* really think, that NATURE can be embelliſhed by the *technical terms* of ART; and that the works of the CREATOR, can receive additional beauty by being aſſimilated to thoſe of the MANUFACTURER: Which, in my humble opinion, I will confeſs does not appear to be the caſe.

I know no better advice that I can give to my Correſpondents on this head, unleſs indeed it were, not to write "Odes on Spring" at all. B.

THE MICROCOSM.

No. XXIII.—MONDAY, *April* 16, 1787.

If there be any land, as fame reports,
Where common laws reſtrain the Prince and ſubjects;
A happy land where circulating power
Flows thro' each member of the embodied ſtate;
Sure not unconſcious of the mighty bleſſing,
Her grateful ſons ſhine bright with every virtue;
Untainted with the luſt of innovation,
Sure all unite to hold her league of rule,
Unbroken as the ſacred chain of Nature,
That links the jarring elements in peace.

JOHNSON'S IRENE.

FROM a ſubject that has been ſo often handled as the various modes and forms of government, little novelty can be expected; and the ableſt pen could effect no more, than to place in new lights, or cloath in different words, thoſe arguments which have been urged for ages by the advocates of different parties.

parties. As I am not qualified by my years or experience to decide amidſt ſuch contending factions, or to give any additional weight to either ſide by a declaration of my opinion, my only endeavour in this eſſay ſhall be to collect and place in one point of view, the moſt important points of the controverſy; to reſt my aſſertions not on the frail foundations of ſpeculation, but experience; and by exhibiting the ſeveral expedients of human wiſdom for the regulation of ſociety, make my fellow-citizens ſenſible of the bleſſings of that conſtitution, under which we live; and to the protection of whoſe privileges they will moſt probably be hereafter ſummoned.

To trace the progreſs of legal Government, from the ſimple ſubordination of the Patriarchal power, to the complex ſyſtem of modern politics; to mark the gradual encreaſe and extenſion of acknowledged authority from the head of a ſingle family to the ſovereignty of a mighty empire, may prove an ample reward to the toil of uſeful curioſity; but it is a taſk beyond the limits of my paper, or the extent of my abilities. I ſhall therefore paſs over the ſubject, and content myſelf with this remark; that it is abſolutely neceſſary

to

to the exiſtence of civil ſociety, that for the public good, the individual ſhould reſign a part of his natural independence; and bind himſelf by ſome common tie or obligation, to the obſervance of a known and fixed law. As this is the corner ſtone of all civil inſtitutions, and one of thoſe ſelf-evident propoſitions which do not admit of a doubt, I ſhall not further inſiſt upon it; but proceed in my examination of thoſe different branches, which ſhot forth from the parent ſtock of Patriarchal Government. At that ſimple period, the ideas of men were confined within a narrow circle, and to the objects more immediately before them; their preſent ſubſiſtence was almoſt their only care, and the poſſeſſion of a fertile paſturage, or a *ſpring to water their flocks, employed the petty politicks of this guiltleſs age. It is not from theſe men we are to expect the refinements of government; for the nice balance between oppoſite intereſts, the diſcrimination between the right of the Sovereign, the Nobility, and the People, or that equal compoſition of different parts, which form the perfect whole; and like the ſymmetry of a well-

* In the Scriptures we find an inſtance of a ſolemn Covenant between Abraham and Abimelech, concerning a well of water.

well-turned arch, mutually prop and ſupport each other. As the patriarchal government was only calculated for the regulation of a ſmall number, when mankind encreaſed, they found the neceſſity of an alteration: but as their ideas were too confined to ſuggeſt any new mode; as Tyranny was not dreaded where it had never been felt; and the violation of rights, which had never yet exiſted, could not be guarded againſt; they contented themſelves with that form, to which cuſtom had reconciled them: his authority being extended on a larger ſcale, the Head of a Family became the Sovereign of a State; and Deſpotiſm fixed her throne in Aſia and the Eaſtern World. In thoſe parts we are to ſearch for any knowledge of this kind, as the Weſtern quarter was then immerſed in the ignorance of primitive barbarity. Even Egypt, the ſource from whence all arts and ſciences are derived, the moſt refined and poliſhed of kingdoms, was ſubject to a regal government; whoſe antiquity, by a ſeries of fabulous dynaſties, was carried to a ridiculous height. The republican form was firſt adopted in Greece; and the Ariſtocracy or Democracy, the different modifications of the ſame original, prevailed according to the diſpoſition of the people by whom they were

were to be received. The Spartans, ſedate, grave, and accuſtomed from their earlieſt youth to pay the moſt implicit deference to their Laws, ſubmitted themſelves to an Ariſtocracy of a peculiar kind, which has with more propriety been denominated an Oligarchy; for ſuch in effect was the council of the Ephori, which controuled the regal power in ſuch a manner as to render it the mere puppet of their pleaſure. The Athenians, lively, impetuous, fond of novelty, and jealous to the extreme of their liberties, ruſhed into all the turbulence of a licentious Democracy. The Roman Commonwealth widely differed from Sparta and Athens in the form it aſſumed after the expulſion of Tarquin. As the exact boundaries between the rights of the Patricians and Plebeians were not defined with ſufficient preciſion, they proved a ſource of endleſs contention; and the cruel treatment which debtors met with from their creditors, more than once reduced the ſtate to the brink of deſtruction. Upon reflection it ſeems an unaccountable circumſtance, that a State, which boaſted of the liberty of its ſubjects, and which conſidered the appellation of a "*Roman citizen*," as the moſt glorious diſtinction it could beſtow, ſhould permit ſuch.

such an ignominious badge of slavery to be interwoven in the principles of its constitution; thus to expose those very Citizens who formed the flower of her legions, to the tyranny of a brutal creditor. The reader will pardon me, if I stop a moment to contemplate this wonderful nation; who, by dint of all the virtues which can adorn a rising State, joined to the most unremitted perseverance, became, from the petty asylum of a few wandering robbers, the mistress of the world: who, unnoticed and unobserved, was silently ascending the height she afterwards attained; and amidst discords and divisions, which threatened her very existence, arose only more formidable from her fall; or to use the nervous expression of Horace,

Per damna, per cædes, ab ipso
Ducit opes animumque ferro.
Through wounds, through losses, no decay can feel,
Collecting strength and spirit from the steel.

FRANCIS.

This Nation from its infancy seemed destined to the sceptre of the World; and by the imperious dignity of its behaviour, to enforce reverence and awe. The judicious Virgil perceived wherein the real glory of his countrymen consisted; and wisely

wisely rejecting what could not be claimed as their's, boldly stamped the characteristic of his nation.

Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,
(Credo equidem) vivos ducent de marmore vultus;
Orabunt causas melius, cælique meatus
Describent radio, et surgentia sidera dicent;
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.
Let others better mould the running mass
Of metals, and inform the breathing brass;
And soften into flesh a marble face;
Plead better at the bar; describe the skies,
And when the stars descend, and when they rise.
But Rome, 'tis thine alone with awful sway
To rule mankind, and make the world obey;
Disposing peace & war, thy own majestic way.
To tame the proud, the fetter'd slave to free;
These are imperial arts, and worthy thee.

DRYDEN.

In these lines the invidious assertion included in "*Orabunt causas melius,*" to the prejudice of the truly eloquent Cicero, has been often noticed; and it may be worth remarking, that although Virgil has so freely resigned the superiority in other points, he is silent with respect

to

to Poetry. Vanity, there arreſted his pen, and forbad the confeſſion.—But to return from this digreſſion.

From this ſhort review of the ancient government it may be collected, that neither Greeks nor Romans had any idea of that mixed form, which comprehends the ſeemingly irreconcileable principles of monarchical deſpotiſm, and republican freedom; unleſs the Kings and Ephori of Sparta may be included in that denomination. The feudal Syſtem, which ſucceeded the downfall of the Roman empire, gave the firſt rude outlines of the fabric; as appears from the compact between the King and his Barons, and the tenures on which they held their fiefs. We here ſee an acknowledged Sovereign, and order of Nobility, who ſtipulate to perform certain ſervices, on conſideration of the grant of particular lands or privileges. The King on his ſide promiſes to obſerve theſe privileges inviolate; and in caſe of the non-performance of the contract, *the one ſide has the liberty of ſeeking redreſs by force

* There is a remarkable inſtance of this in the caſe of the ancient Spaniſh Grandees: vide Dr. Robertſon's Preface to his Hiſtory of Charles the Fifth, from whom moſt of the obſervations on the feudal Syſtem are taken.

force of arms; the other forfeits his fief, as he has not complied with the tenure by which he held it. The Nobles, after the performance of theſe ſervices, are totally independent; and the Sovereign can be conſidered in no other light than as the head of a powerful confederacy, united by their common intereſt. This is only the rude outline of Monarchical and Ariſtocratical power. The people were then in ſuch a miſerable ſtate of bondage, that ſo far from claiming any right to a ſhare in the legiſlature, they were conſidered by their Lords as mere cattle; they had not even the liberty of removing from one country to another, without expreſs permiſſion. After the lapſe of ſome centuries, the King, unable to reſtrain his factious Barons by his own power, perceived the neceſſity of counterbalancing their influence by an oppoſite intereſt. To this politic ſcheme we owe the inſtitution of free cities, boroughs, and corporations; which, by diffuſing the ſpirit of liberty, were the original cauſe of diſpelling the darkneſs which hung over Europe for ages: this too ſeems the firſt attempt to diſtinguiſh the people as a diſtinct body under a Monarchy. To mark the different gradations from the firſt imperfect ſketch to the finiſhed

finiſhed plan might fill a volume. To the reader who wiſhes to be more amply informed on this intereſting ſubject, the author beforementioned will be a copious ſource of information. He may convince himſelf of what has been advanced, by an example exiſting at this moment; I mean the empire of Germany, whoſe conſtitution is ſtill ſtrictly feudal. The Emperor is ſtill Elective, though the crown has been ſo long ſecured to the houſe of Auſtria; the different Electors and Princes of the Empire are abſolute in their own dominions; and the only places where the people have any influence, are in the imperial or free cities.

But here, as on all other occaſions, I ſhould wiſh to avoid the error into which many ingenious men have fallen, too much refinement. Inſtead of ſurveying the tranſactions of paſt ages calmly and impartially; inſtead of placing themſelves, as far as they are able, in the ſame ſituation, and conſidering the different paſſions, which influenced them, and thereby judging of the cauſes which produced their correſponding effects; they behold them through the medium of the prejudices or principles, which education, or the

the colour of the times they live in have produced, and attribute the refinements of modern times, to the barbariſm of the firſt ages. It is not to be ſuppoſed, that when men firſt paid a voluntary obedience to him, whom they conſidered as the father of his family, that obedience reſulted from a conſideration of the neceſſity of legal ſubordination; or that when the Chieftain of a barbarous nation, and his Barons, raiſed the rude ſtructure of feudal government, they reflected on the balance of power ſo neceſſary to the regulation of a well-formed State. The firſt, by a kind of inſtinctive veneration obeyed him, whom from his infancy he had been taught to revere as the Father of his race; the latter, intereſted, and uninfluenced by patriotic principles, knew no other motive than the love of plunder and rapine; he fought not for others, but himſelf; he exacted the price of his toil with unrelenting vigour; and in purſuing, as he thought, the beſt means to ſecure his own poſſeſſions, he unknowingly laid the foundations of a better inſtitution. From this reaſoning it is not to be concluded, that in a more poliſhed period men did not guard their liberties by laws expreſsly calculated for that purpoſe. Holland and England are

ſtrong

ſtrong inſtances to the contrary; ſince the laws of both, were framed at a time, when ſociety was in a more advanced period; and conſequently ſuch political refinement might be attributed to them without incurring the charge of abſurdity.

From this view we may ſee, that as *Monarchy may degenerate into Tyranny, Ariſtocracy into Oligarchy, and Democracy into Anarchy, that Conſtitution which can unite the various excellencies of each without the defects, will approach neareſt to perfection.

To expatiate on a ſubject, which has filled volumes, would be uſeleſs; and I only wiſh to add a few remarks, to the number of thoſe which have been already made. England, from the peculiarity of her conſtitution, is placed in a very ſingular ſituation. We have ſeen the liberties of the nations around us gradually ſinking, whilſt our own have as gradually been increaſed and ſtrengthened, from the very blows which ſeemed to threaten their deſtruction; they are not the ſickly productions of the moment, but the vigorous

* Machiavel.

gorous offspring of time and wiſdom. The Kings of France and Spain, by a ſeries of ſucceſsful efforts, have impoſed the yoke of abſolute dominion on their ſubjects; and Sweden has voluntarily reſigned her rights: England is at preſent the only monarchy, where the Regal power is under any limitation. In ſpeaking of our conſtitution, the fault of too much refinement has frequently been incurred, the antiquity of the Parliament has been carried beyond its due bounds, even to the Saxon æra; and the conſtitution ſuppoſed to have exiſted almoſt in its preſent form, from the date of the Magna Charta. That famous deed it is true, is the grand foundation on which we have built our ſyſtem; but in its original intent it only ſecured the privileges of the Barons, without any conſideration of the people. The cautious policy of Henry the Seventh firſt gave any weight to the Commons in this nation, but his imperious Son effectually checked their growing influence, and kept them in the moſt ſervile ſubjection: and Elizabeth, who with the pride, had imbibed the deſpotic principles of her father, did not allow them a greater latitude. Under the mild and pacific adminiſtration of James, the Commons acquired

a greater degree of importance than they had hitherto been accuſtomed to; but even then it was not uſual to aſſemble the Parliament, as a regular part of the Legiſlature, except when the King demanded any ſupplies. In the reign of the Unfortunate Charles, they aſſumed a bolder tone, denied the King's power of taxation without their conſent; and by the famous Petition of Rights, inſiſted on being regularly aſſembled once in three years. From this æra we may date the exiſtence of our conſtitution in its preſent form. The limits between the Regal prerogative, and popular privileges, were exactly aſcertained; the due balance between the three Eſtates of King, Lords, and Commons was fixed; and no further room for alteration or diſpute left. The laſt and finiſhing ſtroke was the Bill of Rights, confirmed by William the Third, after the expulſion of James the Second. Theſe rights and privileges it is our fortune to enjoy unimpaired; and may they be tranſmitted to future ages, as perfect as we have received them.

I have thus endeavoured to give a ſhort analyſis of the progreſs of Government, in a manner that appeared to me moſt natural. To the deep read politician

politician this Eſſay may ſeem trivial, and its contents ſuperficial; I am conſcious that the obſervations have not the force of novelty, or the depth of reflection; but if I have collected in a narrower compaſs, what before was ſcattered through volumes, in a manner that may prove beneficial to my fellow-citizens; if I inſpire one patriotic ſentiment, or kindle one ſpark of that laudable ambition, which is the ſource of all great actions: if any of the *future great* ſhall acknowledge, that he is in the leaſt indebted to the aſſiſtance and inſtructions of GREGORY GRIFFIN, my labours are fully compenſated.

A

THE MICROCOSM.

No. XXIV.—MONDAY, *April* 30, 1787.

An quodcunque facit Mæcenas te quoque verum eſt?

Whate'er Mæcenas does muſt thou do too?

IT is a common obſervation, with thoſe who obſerve at all, that thoſe paſſions, which under the guidance of a ſtrong mind, are moſt conſiſtent with the dignity of human nature; when they aſſume abſolute dominion over a weak one, tend moſt effectually to vilify and debaſe it.

Of theſe perhaps, ſpeaking comprehenſively of its good and evil, there is none ſo generally beneficial to ſociety as emulation; for there is hardly an eminent character, in whatever line of greatneſs, but has been originally drawn from indolence and

obſcurity, by the example of ſuperior excellence; and the hopes of attaining thoſe heights, to which ſome daring adventurer has previouſly led the way.

To avoid mentioning the innumerable inſtances of this which every day croud upon our obſervation, I will rather examine to what pernicious effects this glorious enthuſiaſm may lead, when operating on a mind incapable of directing it: or intoxicated by habitual ſucceſs and adulation.

Alexander the Great, whoſe admiration for the bravery of Achilles, blinded him to the vicious exceſſes which every where characterize that hero, never ſullied his victories more than by his imitation of an action, which the poet has even been cenſured for attributing to a man in whom he deſigned to repreſent the moſt finiſhed idea of barbarous virtue. At the ſiege of Gaza, exaſperated at the obſtinate reſiſtance of Betis, the Eunuch of Darius, he inhumanly inſulted that virtue, which even in an enemy claims reſpect, by dragging him round thoſe walls he had ſo gallantly defended; quoting the cruel treatment of Hector, though he had not even the plea, inſufficient as it was,

was, which palliates this piece of barbarity in his great model of excellence.

But if we turn with horror from this inſtance of weakneſs, we cannot but ſmile at the ridiculous ſervility of the famous Pyrrhus, who afterwards carried his imitation of Alexander to ſuch lengths, as to affect even his deformities; and we are told, that a happy ſimilarity to his predeceſſor, in a wry neck, was no uncommon topic of flattery among his courtiers.

When we ſee men who are held up as the pageants of human grandeur, upon whoſe deciſions, nay almoſt ideas, depended the revolutions of empires, ſo ſubject to the failings of human nature, we cannot be ſurprized at finding a faithful tranſcript of the paſſions by which they have been biaſſed, in the heroes of our little republic; and a ſimilar imitation of thoſe, whoſe characters or abilities have procured them the admiration of their fellow-citizens.

When I call it a republic, I ſpeak at random on a ſubject on which in ſome future lucubration I may dwell longer; and introduce to the Politi-

cians of the great world, a ſyſtem of government which is conſiſtent with none which the power of legiſlature has hitherto been able to regulate: A government, which though founded on the law of the ſtrongeſt, is ſo tempered with the principles of equity, as to have ſubſiſted for centuries without any material revolution: An Ariſtocracy of ſuch gradual progreſſion from deſpotiſm to ſlavery, as to render the diſtance leſs oppreſſive, though not leſs aweful: And honours and offices of ſtate ſo equally divided, as to hold out to every individual a certainty of one day enjoying them.

Nor however has this uninterrupted ſameneſs proceeded from a want of geniuſſes to conduct a revolution; we too have had our Catilines and Clodii, the daring incendiaries of the moſt threatening commotions; and our de Witts and Barnevelts, the patriotic oppoſers of illegal oppreſſion. Many a Cooke has been employed in the regulation of our birthnight navy; and the order of a Montem given riſe to the moſt intereſting debates in our Senate-Houſe.

In this, however, as in all other governments, the character of the community will vary with that of

of its moſt diſtinguiſhed members. The Gymnaſium, the Mall, the Lyceum, and the Dilettanti, have by turns prevailed, and each produced extraordinary originals, whoſe imitation has for a time been the ambition of their diſciples; till in a few generations it has of itſelf grown obſolete, or been ſuperſeded by ſome new object of faſhionable amuſement.

Acanthio was of that ſect of philoſophers which the generality of mankind term oddities; and by nature formed to anſwer Democritus's idea of a poet. The mad enthuſiaſm of genius forced him ſo far from the center of common ſenſe, that his character unconſciouſly comprehended all thoſe ſingularities which Horace aſcribes to the affectation of the Roman poetaſters. His beard was not cultivated as the badge of wiſdom, or teſtimony of Stoiciſm; on the contrary, he made frequent attempts to get rid of ſo unfaſhionable a companion; and would certainly have effected his purpoſe, but for the conſtant interruption of ſome impertinent idea between the reſolution and the operation. When ſeized with the ſpouting mania, he gave a looſe to the rapture of his imagination, in the oratorical artillery of puffs,

ſtamps, and roars, with ſo formidable an action on his natural crabbed ſeverity of phiz, as frequently to entertain the ſpectators not without ſome mixture of terror.

It was fortunate for him, when he had full ſpace for the overboilings of this phrenzy; but as he was never entirely ſecure, very dangerous ſymptoms of it often attacked him in the narrow compaſs of his apartment. Upon theſe occaſions, a chorus of Rowley ſeldom ſubſided without the demolition of a ſet of China; the bard of Morven frequently furniſhed a week's work for a carpenter; and the Dircean ſwan has been known to commit open acts of hoſtility againſt his peaceable neighbours of the ſhelf, till actually checked in his mid career by the ſeaſonable interpoſition of a proſtrate table.

Being one day earneſtly engaged in an argument with Plato, he was ſo enraged at the obſtinate inſenſibility of a mahogany elbow chair, which was the temporary repreſentative of that Philoſopher, that in the height of his reſentment, he ſprung forward to enforce conviction by the *argumentum baculinum*, and fell over the object of his

his vengeance on the floor. Finding himself grievously discomfited by a violent contusion on the forehead, while his hardheaded antagonist still maintained his point with the same phlegmatic coolness, he began to express his sensations, by dancing round the room, and roaring lustily for wet brown paper, in a yell, between pain, rage, and disappointment. Upon the timely application, however of this remedy, a dispute was settled, which might otherwise have terminated in an open rupture.

These, and many other peculiarities, constituted a character of which Soricius is a professed imitator. But unhappily the affected singularity of the latter, has not the excuse of genius, which palliates the capricious eccentricity of the former. In short, he attempts to effect by art, what nature alone can render agreeable; for an oddity is an animal, whose innate and unconscious qualities are his only recommendation; the moment therefore he has any assumed virtues, he becomes disgusting. Soricius, it is true, has the appearance of absence, but he takes care to inform you that it is real. If you remind him of having forgotten

any thing, he will exclaim with a ſimper, "*he, he, "he, laud I am ſo forgetful!*" but is ſure upon ſearch to find it carefully depoſited; and if ever he ventures a ſouſing or a broken ſhin in ſupport of his character, has always clean linen and plaiſters in readineſs for a thorough repair.

But as no part of an oddity's apparatus is ſo conducive to his ſucceſs as his collection of rhapſodies, he has provided himſelf with a very ample claſſical budget; and that he may add the recommendation of novelty, has ſtored it from thoſe treaſures of elocution which no dabbler in the art has ever entered on, ſuch as the intereſting narrative of Homer's Catalogue; the glorious extravagancies of Lucan's battles; and the inſtructive ſoftneſs of Virgil's directions for ſowing wheat, and breeding bullocks. Nay, he has even attempted a higher excellence, and undertaken to model the worn-out trifles of Anacreon and Catullus, into novelty, with the aſſiſtance of an heroic deep baſs; and to deceive the moſt competent judges, with Pindar's Olympiads, in a charming *piano*.

Many

Many ſuch portraits might be drawn, and perhaps from the life, of ſervile imitation; but I ſhould hope it was ſufficiently evident to every one, whoſe reaſon will tell him that he is an independent being, that the imitation of errors is the moſt glaring proof of a weak underſtanding. And that the affectation of that eccentricity which is allowable in true genius alone, is in any thing below mediocrity, like an attempt at the bold animation of a Raphael in the Saracen's-Head; or the venerable gloom of a Salvator, in the foliage of the royal oak. C

NOTES to CORRESPONDENTS.

ANTISUPERBUS I would adviſe to lay down the pen he has ſo haſtily aſſumed; or if the *ſcribendi cacoethes* has taken ſuch ſtrong hold of him that he finds that impoſſible, let him throw his abilities into ſome other channel, as at preſent, I fear, he has miſtaken their bent---The ſame hint, taken in time, might ſave the reputation of his unintelligible aſſociate.

Much as I am obliged to A BARRISTER for his elegant extract, as the circumſtances wear an air of truth, and my lucubrations might poſſibly fall into the hands of the parties, I fear it would too deeply wound the feelings of a diſtreſſed family for inſertion.

THE MICROCOSM.

No. XXV.—MONDAY, *May* 7, 1787.

Interdum populus rectum videt : eſt ubi peccat.

——— ——*the people's voice is odd,*
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.—POPE.

PROVERBIAL expreſſions and received opinions, have uſually been conſidered as an abridgement of national wiſdom, and are perhaps the beſt guides to the character or genius of a people. And it is not improbable, that the extenſion of this method of enquiry, to the eſtabliſhed opinions and received ideas of mankind in general, may lead us to a more perfect and general knowledge of them.

That the mind of man is not framed for happineſs, is a principle, of the truth of which perhaps the moſt certain criterion is its popularity.

At

At the revival of learning, the idea of gradual and progreſſive degeneracy obtained very ſtrongly; and whether it contributed in any meaſure to the ſtudy of the ancients, or what is more probable, was derived from the inferiority viſible in their imitators, its prevalence was unlimited, and its authority unqueſtioned. How far a ſervile reverence and ſcrupulous imitation of antiquity is compatible with the efforts of learning and genius, may be ſeen in the attempts of an age, whoſe diligence was unequalled, and whoſe genius ours has no right to ſuppoſe inferior to her own. But it may be objected that the qualities of the heart, if not thoſe of the head, may be improved by a converſe with antiquity; that if the ſcience of barbarous nations is rude, their morality at leaſt is pure. To fall into errors authorized by the example of a ſuperior, has frequently afforded a deſpicable gratification to men of inferior abilities; and the ſcrupulous ſtickler for obſolete antiquity, may be pleaſed to find his error common to the ableſt politicians of declining Rome. That great empire in a ſtate of decay, has been aptly characterized by her hiſtorian, as the theatre in which the ſcenes of a more virtuous age were acted over again; but without the principle or ſpirit of the real

real perſonages. This was the error of a Phyſician, who would treat an infirm patient as if he was in youth and health, as the only means of reſtoring him to both; and the only circumſtances which render the former folly the more excuſeable, are its greater frequency, and that appearance of earneſtneſs, which the voluntary aſſumption of more rigid manners carries with it. Perhaps, the reſult of all ſerious enquiries on this ſubject will be, that, in the moral, as well as the phyſical world, there is a correſpondent propriety in every member, as far as its relation to the reſt is conſidered; and that the manners of every age and nation have as much propriety in their deſignation, as the paſſions peculiar to the different periods of Life, and the inſtinctive qualities of the animal world.

The ſtriking analogy which ſubſiſts between the two firſt, may afford matter for a digreſſion, which my readers will the more readily pardon, as it ariſes immediately from the ſubject, contributes in ſome meaſure to illuſtrate it, and throws light on a ſimilitude whoſe leading features ſeem to have ſtruck every obſerver; but whoſe more minute correſponding peculiarities have never been traced with

with any degree of accuracy. The firſt attempts of a riſing ſtate, ſtruggling into eminence and obſervation, the ſtrength of an eſtabliſhed conſtitution, and the weakneſs of declining empire, have ſo ſtrong an analogy to the firſt efforts of infancy, the confirmed vigor of maturity, and the debility of age, that expreſſions adopted into one from the other are hardly conſidered as metaphorical; and are to be met with in ſtyles the moſt unadorned, or even the flow of common converſation.

The progreſs of national refinement conſidered as analogous to the improvement of perſonal taſte, may perhaps furniſh a leſs trite, and more intereſting ſubject of diſcuſſion.

The objects with which children are moſt delighted, are ſuch as ſtrike moſt forcibly upon the ſenſes; the ſimpleſt tunes, the ſweeteſt taſtes, a fanciful aſſociation of the moſt gawdy colours, are moſt agreeable to our infancy; and a fondneſs for ſimilar objects, is a certain indication of a national taſte in the firſt ſtages of cultivation; an implicit credulity in what they hear, and the utmoſt deference to the authority of what they read, is another leading characteriſtic of childhood; inſomuch,

ſomuch, that a ſyſtem of education, which confines its pupils to ignorance, has been grounded on the fear of imbibing early, and miſtaken opinions. The grand and fundamental error which makes this ſyſtem entirely impracticable, is the ſuppoſition, that the implicit adherence to ſuperior authority was to be deſtroyed, not by the reſearches of Learning, but the advances of Age. Unprejudiced ignorance is always diffident; and to this cauſe are to be attributed the credulity of childhood, and that readineſs with which a barbarous age receives the opinions of a ſuperior genius.

A mind too ignorant or too indolent for reflection, is pleaſed to repoſe itſelf under the ſhadow of ſome great authority; and to adopt a ſet of dogmas implicitly, without heſitation or enquiry. Hence, in our earlieſt moral writers, almoſt every ſentence is prefaced with an authority for the ſentiment it contains; and in Spain, a country ſome centuries behind the reſt of Europe in point of taſte and learning, the ſame ſpecies of writing ſtill ſubſiſts.

Of all the periods of human life, the paſſions and opinions of youth are perhaps the moſt remarkable;

markable; the mind perceives a ſenſible dilation of its faculties, becomes jealous of an unprejudiced freedom of enquiry, and aſhamed of that implicit deference it had formerly entertained for the opinions of others. New ſyſtems are daily raiſed, inveterate prejudices examined and rejected, and we flatter ourſelves for a while with the ſufficiency of private obſervation, and unaſſiſted endeavours; the ardor of innovation at length ſubſides, and we diſcover in time that a credulous attention to the opinions of others, and a blind confidence in our own, are equally inſufficient for the purſuits of truth and wiſdom.

If we ſhould trace back the progreſs of natural ſcience, to the firſt Dawn that diſpelled the clouds of prejudice and error, we ſhould diſcover a number of circumſtances, parrallel to thoſe in the improvement of perſonal knowledge; the immediate rejection of all received opinions, and the readineſs with which a new ſyſtem is embraced, are circumſtances common to both, and highly characteriſtic.

After the exiſtence of a ſimilitude between the progreſs of perſonal and of popular taſte has been proved,

proved, it would be needleſs to vindicate the propriety of either; I ſhall therefore confine myſelf to an examination of the reaſons from which an idea of modern inferiority has ariſen.

Man, though conſtantly in purſuit of happineſs, ſo ſeldom appears to be in poſſeſſion of his object, that his conſtant failure of ſucceſs has been attributed to a ſuppoſed defect in his formation; a principle that offers to its followers ſo compendious a protection from the feelings of conſcious humiliation, and the agonies of conviction and remorſe, could hardly fail of being popular; the invention of lenitives, ſimilar in their effect, though not equally comprehenſive in their operation, had long employed the invention of mankind. The narratives of our firſt adventurers were filled with deſcriptions of more favoured realms, where the manners of patriarchal life were ſuppoſed to exiſt among a people unenvied, and undiſturbed; in a ſimplicity as happy, as it was innocent: While the volumes of our earlieſt moraliſts, were filled with the idea of progreſſive degeneracy, againſt which, as it was impoſſible to ſucceed, ſo was it uſeleſs to contend.

The

The discoveries of navigation, and the lights of reviving learning, were for a time insufficient to convince our ancestors, that there had not been a period in, which men were wiser, or a land in which they were happier than themselves. The visionary worlds of Bacon and Sir Thomas More, have a situation assigned them, in some part of the globe then unknown; and Spenser's lines, in which he obviates any objections that might arise to the actual existence of "*his delightfull lond of Faëry*," are so curious for the subject, and method of reasoning, as to deserve citation.

Right-well I wote most mighty Soueraine,
That all this famous antique history,
Of some th' aboundance of an idle braine
Will iudged be, and painted forgery,
Rather than matter of iust memory:
Sith none, that breatheth living aire, does know,
Where is this happy lond of Faëry,
Which I so much do vaunt, yet no where show,
But vouch antiquities, which nobody can know.

But let that man with better sense advise,
That to the world least part to vs is red:
And daily how through hardy enterprize,
Many great regions are discouered,
Which to late age were never mentioned. Who

Who euer heard of the Indian Peru?
Or who in venturous veſſell meaſured
The Amazons huge riuer now found trew?
Or fruitfulleſt Virginia who did euer vew?

Yet all theſe were, when no man did them know;
Yet haue from wiſeſt ages hidden beene:
And later times things more unknown ſhall ſhow.
Why then ſhould witleſs man ſo much miſweene
That nothing is, but that which he hath ſeene?
What if within the moons faire ſhining ſphere?
What if in every other ſtar vnſeene
Of other worldes he happily ſhould heare?
He wonder would much more yet ſuch to ſome appeare.

An argument of the actual exiſtence of a country, derived from the impoſſibility of demonſtrating the contrary, was ſo ſingular, that I could not reſiſt the temptation of offering it to my readers. Theſe viſionary obſtacles to perfection did not vaniſh before the morning of ſcience; on the contrary, from ſome circumſtances before obſerved, they ſeem to have gained additional terrors. Milton himſelf was under apprehenſions, that his poem was produced too late for admiration, if not for excellence; and our Anceſtors were long content to

to believe themſelves born in an age too late, or a climate too cold, for the attainment of Perfection. In the firſt it will be ſufficient to obſerve, that countries, the leaſt poliſhed by literature, or civilized by commercial intercourſe, have always been found the moſt reſolute aſſerters of their ancient dignity; a cauſe to which we muſt attribute the prolix catalogue of Scotiſh monarchs, and the mileſian colony of the Iriſh antiquaries. The ſecond, as the malice of my enquiry does not war with the dead, I ſhall not examine; the very exiſtence of ſuch an opinion may in time become doubtful.

There are perhaps few popular opinions, ſo repugnant as the former to truth and reaſon, which may not be traced to their origin, in an inventive mind, occupied rather in palliating its omiſſions by ingenious excuſes, than in avoiding them by a determined activity; and the moſt ſpecious are ſeldom recurred to but as the lenitives of reflection, on the painful retroſpect of waſted time, and abilities miſapplied.

THE MICROCOSM.

No. XXVI.—MONDAY, *May* 14, 1787.

Fabula nullius veneris, ſine pondere, et arte.—HOR.

A ſilly ſtory, without weight, or art.

NOVEL-WRITING has by ſome late authors been aptly enough ſtyled the younger ſiſter of ROMANCE. A family likeneſs indeed is very evident; and in their leading features, though in the one on a more enlarged, and in the other on a more contracted ſcale, a ſtrong reſemblance is eaſily diſcoverable between them.

An eminent characteriſtic of each is Fiction; a quality, which they poſſeſs, however, in very different

different degrees The Fiction of ROMANCE is restricted by no fetters of reason, or of truth; but gives a loose to lawless imagination, and transgresses at will the bounds of time and place, of nature and possibility. The fiction of the other on the contrary is shackled with a thousand restraints; is checked in her most rapid progress by the barriers of reason; and bounded in her most excursive flights by the limits of probability.

To drop our metaphors: we shall not indeed find in NOVELS, as in ROMANCES, the Hero sighing respectfully at the feet of his mistress, during a ten years courtship in a wilderness; nor shall we be entertained with the history of such a tour, as that of *Saint George*; who, mounting his horse one morning in *Cappadocia*, takes his way through *Mesopotamia*, then turns to his right into *Illyria*, and so by way of *Grecia* and *Thracia*, arrives in the afternoon in *England*. To such glorious violations as these of time and place, ROMANCE writers have an exclusive claim. NOVELISTS usually find it more convenient to change the scene of courtship from a desart to a drawing-room; and far from thinking it necessary to lay a ten years siege to the affections of their heroine, they contrive

contrive to carry their point in an hour or two; as well for the ſake of enhancing the character of their hero, as for eſtabliſhing their favourite maxim of *love at firſt ſight;* and their Hero, who ſeldom, extends his travels beyond the turnpike-road, is commonly content to chuſe the ſafer, though leſs expeditious, conveyance of a poſt-chaiſe, in preference to ſuch a horſe as that of *Saint George*.

But theſe peculiarities of abſurdity alone excepted, we ſhall find, that the NOVEL is but a more modern modification of the ſame ingredients which conſtitute the ROMANCE; and that a *recipe* for the one may be equally ſerviceable for the compoſition of the other.

A ROMANCE, (generally ſpeaking) conſiſts of a number of ſtrange events, with a Hero in the middle of them; who, being an adventurous Knight, wades through them to one grand deſign, namely, the emancipation of ſome captive Princeſs, from the oppreſſion of a mercileſs Giant; for the accompliſhment of which purpoſe he muſt ſet at nought the incantations of the caitiff magician; muſt ſcale the ramparts of his caſtle; and baffle the

the vigilance of the female dragon, to whoſe cuſtody his heroine is committed.

Foreign as they may at firſt ſight ſeem from the purpoſes of a NOVEL, we ſhall find, upon a little examination, that theſe are in fact the very circumſtances, upon which the generality of them are built; modernized indeed in ſome degree by the trifling transformations of mercileſs Giants into auſtere Guardians, and of ſhe-dragons into Maiden Aunts. We muſt be contented alſo that the Heroine, though retaining her tenderneſs, be diveſted of her royalty; and in the Hero we muſt give up the Knight-errant for the accompliſhed Fine Gentleman.

Still, however, though the performers are changed, the characters themſelves remain nearly the ſame. In the Guardian we trace all the qualities which diſtinguiſh his ferocious predeceſſor; ſubſtituting only, in the room of magical incantations, a little plain curſing and ſwearing; and the Maiden Aunt retains all the prying vigilance, and ſuſpicious malignity; in ſhort, every endowment, but the claws, which characterize her romantic counterpart. The Hero of a NOVEL has not

not indeed any opportunity of displaying his courage in the scaling of a rampart, or his generosity in the deliverance of enthralled multitudes; but as it is necessary that a Hero should signalize himself by both these qualifications, it is usual to manifest the one by climbing the garden wall, or leaping the park-paling in defiance of "*steel traps and spring guns*;" and the other, by flinging a crown to each of the post-boys, on alighting from his chaise and four.

In the article of *interviews*, the two species of composition are pretty much on an equality; provided only, that they are supplied with a "*quantum sufficit*" of moonlight, which is an indispensible requisite; it being the etiquette for the Moon to appear particularly conscious on these occasions. For the adorer, when permitted to pay his vows at the shrine of his Divinity, custom has established in both cases a pretty universal form of prayer.

Thus far the writers of NOVEL and ROMANCE seem to be on a very equal footing; to enjoy similar advantages, and to merit equal admiration. We are now come to a very material point, in which ROMANCE has but slender claims to comparative

parative excellence; I mean the choice of *names* and *titles*. However lofty and sonorous the names of *Amadis* and *Orlando;* however tender and delicate may be those of *Zorayda* and *Roxana*, are they to be compared with the attractive alliteration, the seducing softness of *Lydia Lovemore*, and *Sir Harry Harlowe*; of *Frederic Freelove*, and *Clarissa Clearstarch?* Or can the simple "*Don Belianis, of Greece*," or the "*Seven Champions of Christendom*," trick out so enticing a title page, and awaken such pleasing expectations, as the "*Innocent Adultery*," the "*Tears of Sensibility*," or the "*Amours of the Court de D*****, and L——y* ——————————?"

It occurs to me, while I am writing this, that as there has been of late years so considerable a consumption of *names* and *titles*, as to have exhausted all the efforts of invention, and ransacked all the alliterations of the alphabet; it may not be amiss to inform all NOVELISTS, male and female, who under these circumstances, must necessarily wish, with *Falstaff*, to know "*where a commodity of good names may be bought*," that at my WAREHOUSE for WIT, I have laid in a great number of the above articles, of the most fashionable and approved patterns. Ladies may suit themselves with a vast va-

riety, adapted to every compoſition of the kind; whether they may chuſe them to conſiſt of two Adjectives only, as the "*Generous Inconſtant*,"—the "*Fair Fugitive*,"—or the name of a place, as "*Grogram Grove*,"—"*Gander Green*,"—or whether they prefer the ſtill newer method of coupling perſons and things with an "or," as "*Louiſa*; or, the *Purling Stream*,"—"*Eſtifania*; or, the *Abbey in the Dale*,"—*Eliza*; or, the *Little Houſe on the Hill*." Added to theſe, I have a complete aſſortment of names for every individual that can find a place in a NOVEL; from the *Belviles* and *Beverleys* of high life, to the *Humphreyſes* and *Gubbinſes* of low; ſuited to all ages, ranks, and profeſſions; to perſons of every ſtamp, and characters of every denomination.

In painting the ſcenes of *low life*, the NOVEL again enjoys the moſt deciſive ſuperiority. ROMANCE indeed ſometimes makes uſe of the groſſer ſentiments, and leſs refined affections of the *Squire* and the *Confidante*, as a foil to the delicate adoration, the platonic purity, which marks the love of the Hero, and ſuits the ſenſibility of his Miſtreſs. But where ſhall we find ſuch a thorough knowledge of nature, ſuch an inſight into the human heart, as is diſplayed by our NOVELISTS; when,

as

as an agreeable relief from the inſipid ſameneſs of polite inſincerity, they condeſcend to pourtray in coarſe colours, the workings of more genuine paſſions in the boſom of *Dolly*, the dairy-maid, or *Hannah*, the houſe-maid?

When on ſuch grounds, and on a plan uſually very ſimilar to the one I have here endeavoured to ſketch, are founded by far the greater number of thoſe NOVELS, which croud the teeming catalogue of a circulating library; is it to be wondered at, that they are ſought out with ſuch avidity, and run through with ſuch delight, by all thoſe (a conſiderable part of my fellow-citizens) who cannot reſiſt the impulſe of curioſity, or withſtand the allurements of a title page? Can we be ſurprized, that they look forward, with expecting eagerneſs, to that inundation of delicious nonſenſe, with which the preſs annually overflows; replete as it is with ſtories without invention, anecdotes without novelty, obſervations without aptneſs, and reflections without morality?

Under this deſcription come the generality of theſe performances. There are no doubt, a multitude of exceptions. The paths which a *Fielding*

and a *Richardſon* have trodden, muſt be ſacred. Were I to prophane theſe by impertinent criticiſm, I might with juſtice be accuſed of avowed enmity to wit; of open apoſtacy from true feeling, and true taſte.

But let me hope to ſtand excuſed from the charge of preſumption, if even here I venture ſome obſervations, which I am confident muſt have occurred to many; and to which almoſt every-body, when reminded of them, will be ready to give a hearty concurrence.

Is not the NOVEL of *Tom Jones*, however excellent a work in itſelf, generally put too early into our hands, and propoſed too ſoon to the imitation of children? That it is a character drawn faithfully from Nature, by the hand of a maſter, moſt accurately delineated, and moſt exquiſitely finiſhed, is indeed indiſputable. But is it not alſo a character, in whoſe ſhades the lines of right and wrong, of propriety and miſconduct, are ſo intimately blended, and ſoftened into each other, as to render it too difficult for the indiſcriminating eye of childhood to diſtinguiſh between rectitude and error? Are not its imperfections ſo nearly allied

allied to excellence, and does not the exceſs of its good qualities, bear ſo ſtrong an affinity to imperfection, as to require a more matured judgment, a more accurate penetration, to point out the line where virtue ends and vice begins? The arguments urged in oppoſition to this are, that it is a faithful copy of Nature.—Undoubtedly it is—but is Nature to be held up to the view of childhood, in every light, however unamiable; to be exhibited in every attitude, however unbecoming? The Hero's connexion with *Miſs Seagrim*, for inſtance, and the ſuppoſed conſequences of it are very natural no doubt; are they therefore objects worthy of imitation? But that a Child muſt admire the character, is certain; that he ſhould wiſh to imitate what he admires, follows of courſe; and that it is much more eaſy to imitate faults than excellencies, is an obſervation too trite, I fear, not to be well founded. A character virtuous and amiable in the aggregate, but vicious in particular parts, is much more dangerous to a mind, prone to imitation, as that of youth naturally is, than one wicked and vicious in the extreme. The one is an open aſſault of an avowed enemy, which every one has judgment to ſee, and conſequently fortitude to reſiſt; the other is the treacherous

attack of an insidious invader; who makes the passions his agents to blind the judgment, and bribes the understanding to betray the heart.—Such is the character of *Jones*. He interests our affections at the moment that his actions revolt against our ideas of propriety; nor can even his infidelity to *Sophia*, however ungrateful, nor his connexion with *Lady Bellaston*, though perhaps the most degrading situation in which human nature can be viewed, materially lessen him in our esteem and admiration. On these grounds therefore, though there cannot be a more partial admirer of the work itself, I cannot hesitate a moment to consider that "faultless monster" *Sir Charles Grandison*, whose insipid uniformity of goodness it is so fashionable to decry, far the more preferable to be held up to a child as an object of imitation. The only objection urged to this is, that *Grandison* is too perfect to be imitated with success. And to what does this argument amount? truly this, it tends to prove, that an imitator cannot come up to his original; consequently, the surest way to become a *Jones*, is to aim at being a *Grandison:* for according to that argument, let a man rate his virtue at the highest price, and the natural biass of his passions will make

make him bate ſomething of his valuation.—Hence therefore the character of *Grandiſon* is aſſuredly the properer pattern of the two. An attempt at the imitation of that, muſt neceſſarily be productive of ſome attainment in virtue. The character of *Jones* can neither operate as an incitement to virtue, or a diſcouragement from vice. He is too faulty for the one, and too excellent for the other. Even his good qualities muſt, on an undiſcerning mind, have a bad effect; ſince, by faſcinating its affections, they render it blind to his foibles; and the character becomes the more dangerous, in proportion as it is the more amiable.

But to return from this long digreſſion, to the conſideration of NOVELS in general.—Some of my fellow-citizens may perhaps conjecture, that I have affected to undervalue them from intereſted motives; and that I would wean them from their ſtudy of them, for the purpoſe only of increaſing the demand for my own lucubrations. To wipe off any ſuſpicions of the kind, and to prove to them that my only motives are a view to their advantage, I promiſe, in the courſe of a few Numbers, to point out to the obſervation, and recommend to the peruſal of profeſſed NOVEL

readers, a ſet of books, which they now treat with undeſerved contempt; but from which I will prove, that they may derive at leaſt, as much entertainment, and certainly much more uſeful inſtruction, than from the dull details of unmeaning ſentiment, and inſipid converſation; of incidents the moſt highly unnatural, and events the moſt unintereſting.

THE MICROCOSM.

No. XXVII.—MONDAY, *May* 21, 1787.

Virtutem incolumen odimus,
Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi.—HOR.

Though living Virtue we deſpiſe,
We follow her when dead with envious eyes.
FRANCIS.

IT has generally been the fate of illuſtrious merit, to be perſecuted and reviled; neglected and oppreſſed, when living; and expoſed to the deriſion of the ignorant, and the wanton inſults of the unfeeling. The brave has been ſtigmatized as a coward, the patriot has been accuſed of treachery, the philoſopher of atheiſm, the poet and the hiſtorian of plagiariſm, infidelity, and parti-

ality. When dead, it has been loaded with ſuperfluous honours, and the powers of flattery and panegyric exhauſted to decorate its tomb. A patron has given a ſumptuous burial to him, whom living he ſuffered to ſtarve in a garret, or rot in a jail; and a nation has erected a monument of her gratitude over the remains of a Stateſman or a General, whom ſhe had exiled from his country, or meanly deprived of the juſt reward of his exertions and abilities. The tide, when too late, takes a different turn; and as extremes are always oppoſite, a blind adoration is paid to the memory of him who not long before was the object of public hatred or contempt. Let us endeavour to trace to its ſource the cauſe of ſuch an impolitic mode of treatment, which ſeems to throw ſuch an effectual damp on the ardor of ambition; and check, in its riſe that deſire of glory and emulation of an illuſtrious predeceſſor, which is the only ſource of great actions.

It has been obſerved, that time alone can decide the degree of eſtimation to which every man is entitled; the partialities or prejudices of contemporaries exalt or depreſs every virtue, heighten or palliate every fault, and repreſent every action in the

the light that is moſt favourable to their different purpoſes of panegyric or invective. It is difficult to find the candid hiſtorian of his own times, who, if deeply concerned in the tranſactions he records, will relate the narrative of contending factions without prejudice or biaſs; and he who expects to find an impartial account in a *Clarendon*, will moſt probably ſearch for that which has never yet exiſted —By comparing the oppoſite characters of the ſame man, and making a due allowance for the exaggerations on either ſide, by judiciouſly blending the two extremes, and conſidering the effects which his meaſures have had on poſterity, his true character is to be delineated. Few poſſeſs ſuch clear heads and cool paſſions, as to reſiſt the torrent of prejudice and party which aſſails them; and as there is no man who has not ſometimes erred in his conduct; to this, as well as to other cauſes, is the ungrateful treatment of great men to be aſcribed It is the buſineſs of malice to point out this error, and mankind is too prone ſecretly to wiſh the downfall of thoſe, whoſe abilities have raiſed them above the common level. To us, who judge coolly at a diſtance, whoſe paſſions are not immediately intereſted in the cauſe, it is a ſubject of aſtoniſhment, that men could ever have

have been ſo blind to their own intereſts as to have neglected or ill treated the worthy and the great, at the inſtigation of the profligate and unprincipled; it is an infatuation which is not to be accounted for, unleſs we conſult the emotions of our own hearts. Can the heart fairly ſay, that it has never conceived a prejudice againſt any perſon, either from the principles it has been educated in, from ſome miſrepreſentation of any action or ſpeech, or ſome perſonal pique? has it never, from any of theſe motives, felt itſelf inclined to gratify this malice, tho' conſcious of the virtues againſt which it is exerted? Theſe, it is true, are principles, mean, baſe, and contracted, which it is our duty to root out; but ſuch is the frailty of nature, that they always have maintained, and I am afraid always will maintain, an undue influence. I do not mean to vindicate ſuch treatment on theſe grounds, but merely to account for the cauſes of it.

The great, by the ſuperiority of their abilities, depreſs and reſtrain the advancement of others who are haſtening to the ſame goal; and who are equally deſirous, tho' not equally capable, of attaining the ſame heights. Theſe, either conſi-

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der them as obſtacles to their own promotion, whom they muſt remove; or in the fury of blaſted ambition, endeavour to revenge themſelves on the ſuppoſed author of their diſappointments. In a democratical ſtate, the multitude are the general inſtruments of their hatred: by a dexterous application to their fears and paſſions; to their fears, in ſuggeſting, that the influence which the glory and ſplendid actions of an individual has conferred on him is dangerous to the whole, and that his great authority has inſpired him with deſigns deſtructive of the common weal; to their paſſions, by reviving the memory and magnifying the heinouſneſs of every petty incident, or unguided ſpeech; and by a malicious perverſion of every little action, they enflame the giddy populace to the perſecution of thoſe, whom they ought to revere as their guardians and protectors. Men of the firſt abilities, as conſcious of their powers, frequently have not that condeſcenſion of manners ſo neceſſary in a popular ſtate. Thoſe trivial events, which it is beneath the dignity of hiſtory to preſerve, have, I doubt not, often contributed to decide the fate of the Patriot or General. We who have never experienced the haughty demeanour of *Coriolanus*, the rough reproof of *Cato*, and whoſe

whoſe riſe the abilities of a *Cicero* have never impeded, or his vanity never offended, pay the due tribute of admiration to theſe illuſtrious men; we acknowledge their merits, and admire the wiſdom of their conduct, but have never felt the inconveniencies of their defects.

The human mind in general is not ſenſible of the benefits it enjoys, till it has felt the oppoſite inconveniencies; as the body knows not the invaluable bleſſings of health, till it has experienced the miſeries of diſeaſe. Thus in a ſtate, the ſhort ſighted multitude have not a proper eſteem for the value of an able Stateſman, 'till fatal experience has convinced them of his worth; it is in times of real danger that real merit gains its due authority: hence the deep policy of *Auguſtus*, who affected a wiſh to retire from the fatigues of ſtate, that by the ſubſequent confuſion, the *Romans* might have a deeper ſenſe of the bleſſings of his regular adminiſtration.

Thus far on the rewards of public merit.—Let us now conſider the fate of the literary and philoſophical world. That the boldneſs and novelty of opinions in natural or moral philoſophy,

loſophy, ſhould often draw down perſecution on the heads of thoſe who firſt ventured to maintain them; that *Socrates* ſhould have been charged with Atheiſm, or that the bigotted ſuperſtition of the Catholics ſhould have impriſoned *Galileo*, is not ſo ſurpriſing; but I cannot aſſign an adequate cauſe for the neglect or oppreſſion of literary merit: though it is a melancholy fact, that in all ages, literature, and poetry in particular, has been expoſed to poverty, and all its attendant miſeries. That the ſame envy which baniſhed the Stateſman, might in a ſmaller circle influence the breaſts of the rivals for poetic or learned fame; or that the ſnarling critic ſhould wiſh to expoſe every little blemiſh, or decry every beauty, to gratify his own impotent malice, is naturally to be expected; but that the powerful and the rich ſhould ſuffer ſuch abilities to pine in obſcurity, is to me an inexplicable myſtery.

The Poet impedes not their ambition, hinders not their advancement to the higheſt honors; on the contrary, he is the moſt proper, and I think gratitude would make him the moſt willing, to celebrate the laudable ambition, and the well-earned honors of his protector and his patron. Not that the

the fulſome language of dedication can crown the unworthy head with real glory. The ear is diſguſted with the venal flattery of *Boileau* to *Louis*, but the manly addreſs of *Pope* to *Bolinbroke*, reflects mutual honor on both parties: to ſuch an addreſs, flattery and venality would be imputed by ignorance alone; it is the abuſe of dedication only, which has brought it into diſrepute, ſince in its original intention, nothing could be more equitable, than that the works of genius ſhould be inſcribed to him, to whoſe foſtering care they probably owed their riſe.

There is however one ſpecies of poetry, which either ſtands leſs in need of protection, or from its ſubject, enſures itſelf more immediate ſucceſs. The man who has no reliſh for the ſublime of the Epic, or the terrible of Tragedy, will enter into the ſpirit of a pointed Satire; fear alſo often extorts that protection to the ſatyriſt, which liberality refuſed. The famous *Aretine* boaſted, that he not only kept all the European Sovereigns, but even the Sultan himſelf, in dread of his pen.

It may be worth remarking, that painting has eſcaped the general fate of her ſiſter art. The greateſt

greateſt painters have been univerſally honored when living, and admired when dead. From what ſingular circumſtance can this peculiarity originate? is it, that this art, ſo immediately addreſſing itſelf to the ſenſes, we are leſs liable to be miſled and prejudiced by the opinions of others? it is not in every body's power to determine, whether a poet has borrowed a thought from another, either from his not having ſeen the works of the Poet from whom the thought is ſaid to have been borrowed, or his ignorance of the language in which he wrote; we muſt therefore in ſome meaſure rely on the ſagacity and fidelity of the critic for the charge of plagiariſm. Every body cannot judge whether the plan of the poem is original or well conducted, or whether the hiſtorian relates his facts with accuracy and impartiality; as every body has not leiſure to inform himſelf of the rules for the conduct of poetry, or to examine the authorities whence the Hiſtorian derives his information. In theſe points therefore, and others which depend on the intellectual faculties, we muſt again truſt to the Critic; and the intereſt he may have in decrying the works of an Author, from envy, perſonal pique, or other motives, may in ſome meaſure account for the tem-

'porary

porary neglect of thoſe works: but in thoſe articles which addreſs themſelves to the ſenſes, we are our own judges; we are all qualified to decide on what pleaſes our taſte, tho' that taſte perhaps may be falſe. We need not depend upon critic judgment to determine, whether a couplet is harmonious or not; and we need not wait for the deciſion of the connoiſſeur, to inform us whether a figure is bold and animated, or the colouring juſt and natural. It is true, that the critic is an abler judge of the refinements of poetry, the machinery, and other parts, which depend upon ſkill and judgment; and the connoiſſeur of the due proportion, the effects of light and ſhade, the perſpective, and nicer ſubtleties of painting; but ſtill the leſs ſkilful and caſual obſerver, is competent to form his opinion on the grand outline of the whole.

It is to be ſuppoſed, that there are the ſame temptations to depreſs a riſing painter, as an eminent poet; but fortunately for the former, he is not expoſed to the ſame diſadvantages as the latter. He cannot be accuſed of obtruding upon the public the works of others as his own; nor is he liable to a ſpurious copy of his works, by which he

he may be deprived of the juſt reward of his labours. Many who have not leiſure to peruſe a poem, can ſpare an hour to examine a picture; and to determine the merit of one, requires a leſs exertion of the mind than of the other. Tho' the price of paintings is comparatively ſo enormous to that of books, yet as moſt large collections are open to the public at no expence, numbers have examined, and are good judges of merit in this art, who do not poſſeſs a ſingle piece of their own; an advantage which writers are deprived of. Even that ſcarcity which enhances the value of every thing, contributes to this; as it is beyond a doubt, that good books are more numerous than good paintings, we may eſteem them the more, as more difficult to be procured. By the value of paintings, an artiſt may often acquire ſuch a ſum by a ſingle picture, as an author cannot by the ſale of a whole work; by this means being raiſed above want, he is not under the fatal neceſſity of harraſſing his abilities to procure a daily ſubſiſtence. Since portrait painting has been ſo much in vogue, this art, by flattering our vanity, tempts us to encourage it; and ſurely that vanity will not permit us to deny the abilities of an artiſt, when thoſe abilities have been exerted

exerted to gratify it. A *Reynolds* may give grace and dignity to fifty inſipid faces in the courſe of a year; tho' a Poet would find it difficult in his dedications, to furniſh half the number with virtues, as imaginary as the graces, in the countenance of the former. But to return,

This review of the unmerited treatment of the illuſtrious, ſeems calculated to damp the ardor of thoſe, who even now are panting for fame and glory. Far be it from me to attempt to check one generous emotion, to ſtifle one ſpark of riſing ambition. Upon thoſe who have a taſte for true glory, and ſtrength of mind ſufficient to encounter the dangers incident to the purſuit of it, this conſideration will have no influence; they will know what they have to encounter, and deſpiſe the efforts of that envy, over which their final triumph is certain. It is better ſurely that they ſhould be forewarned of the perils of their undertakings, and not be elated with the hopes of an immediate ſucceſs, in the purſuit of which they will meet certain diſappointment; and in the deſpair of which diſappointment, they may relinquiſh their hopes at the moment they have ſurmounted the difficulties they had to ſtruggle with. Let them

them remember, that perfecution, tho' it has often been the lot, is not the neceſſary conſequence of merit. It is the boaſt of *England*, that ſhe has not only raiſed the monument to *Wolfe* or *Chatham* when dead, but alſo acknowledged and rewarded their virtues when living.

A

THE

MICROCOSM.

No. XXVIII.—MONDAY, *May* 28, 1787.

Verbum verbo expreſſum.—TERENCE.

Tranſlated word for word.

AMONG the ſeveral fields which lie open to my fellow-citizens, for the exerciſe and diſplay of their reſpective abilities, there is none which ſeems ſo generally diſregarded as the tranſlation of the claſſicks: whether from its being conſidered as a mechanical labour, ſubſtituted as a relief from the perpetual exerciſe of the fancy; or from a contempt

tempt of excelling in a branch of learning which carries with it no mark of diſtinction.

I ſhall therefore make it my endeavour to point out a few of the peculiar advantages, which a ſtrict attention to its niceties may be of, in giving the laſt poliſh to a claſſical education. If conſidered on a general ſcale, it is undoubtedly the medium through which ancient literature gains a general introduction to modern taſte; and as the mere interpretation of an author's words, without conveying his ſpirit, nay, as far as a ſimilarity of idiom will allow, his peculiarities of ſtile, tends only to convey to the mind of the reader a diſguſt for claſſical writings, by an inſipid copy of an expreſſive original; it is no eaſy taſk to introduce Patroclus chining a porker, or Achates lighting a fire, with that majeſty which ſhould attend a hero even in the menial offices of cook and ſcullion.

The compoſition of latin verſe has always been the characteriſtic of Eton; and though it has frequently been attacked as too ſuperficial an accompliſhment, to be held up as the firſt object, it is certain, that without it, the elegancies of the language

language are never to be attained; and the very pronunciation is often erroneous from ignorance of accent and quantity. The Archives of our ſtate are filled with the firſt efforts of expanding genius; and ſo profuſely bountiful is this poetic mania, that there is not a cubic foot in father Thames, but is ſo ornamented with Naids, as to force ſome of them up the neighbouring ditches, for the accommodation of the majority; nor a tree in our *campus martius*, but has at leaſt its brace of Dryads, though there is not a ſingle oak among them. Nay, the learned compiler of the Muſæ Etonenſes, has in his preface, purely for the amuſement of paſſers by, crammed more poets of all ſorts and ſizes, into a bench, which a dozen ſtarveling ſonneteers might fill with eaſe, than any nine Muſes in the world could take care of at once.

A ſtudy of this kind, as requiring more genius than judgment, more fancy than application, may be juſtly ſuppoſed more congenial to the purſuits of youth. It is not therefore with an idea of ſupporting the one againſt the other, that I have undertaken the defence of Tranſlation; but to prove, that while it is an amuſement not unworthy of

of genius, it is an employment of the higheſt utility to perſevering induſtry.

Genius is naturally ſympathetic; and ſo ſenſitive are the powers of a lively fancy; that wherever we meet with a tranſcript of our own ideas of perfection, we inſenſibly glide into the ſpirit which gave birth to them, and almoſt compoſe as we copy. A man of boiſterous paſſions will kindle at the character of Achilles; a humouriſt will feel a peculiar delight in the ſallies of an Ariſtophanes or a Foote; and a Cynic grind his teeth over the ſtrong miſanthropy of a Lucian or a Swift. What the imagination thus cheriſhes, it will naturally endeavour to bring home to its own ideas; and ſo far does this often carry us, that I will venture to affirm, that there are few attentive readers of foreign writings, who do not in thought tranſlate every ſtriking idea, as it occurs.

There is beſides, a higher gratification reſerved for our curioſity than the comprehenſion of a favourite author. We have, by a cloſer attention to the niceties of idiom, an opportunity of obſerving what analogy ſubſiſts between the languages and

characters of nations; and what a ſtrong, though to the vulgar eye inviſible link runs through the fundamental principles of all languages, notwithſtanding the difference of manner, age, and all the contingencies which have contributed to their formation.

To the man to whom amuſement, in competition with knowledge, is a very ſecondary object, this employment has, by the moſt able writers on the ſubject, been recommended; not only as a more effectual but a more eaſy method of obtaining a knowledge of language, than grammatical theory, or even practical obſervation can give. And there can be very little doubt, but that as we are originally taught to form our ideas in our native tongue, any thing which is brought neareſt to its level, will be moſt likely to adhere to our memories, and be rendered moſt familiar to our conceptions.

But notwithſtanding a general ſimilarity, there will ſtill be a peculiar characteriſtic to every language; and many writers are ſo interwoven with the genius of their native tongue, as to ſink under a tranſlation, notwithſtanding the united efforts of learning

learning and genius; and like the tender exotic, when removed from the genial influence of its own ſoil and climate, to loſe their natural vigour, and fade into a vapid inſipidity. Tully, even by the ſacrifice of his own harmonious flow of language, could not entirely preſerve the chaſte ſeverity of Ariſtotle in a Roman habit; Tacitus is no Engliſhman; and a late attempt to *frenchify* Shakeſpeare met with the ridicule it deſerved.

The chief excellence of Paterculus conſiſts in drawing characters; and ſo great a maſter was he conſidered by the great Clarendon, that he is ſaid to have made him his hiſtorical model, and adopted him as the conſtant companion of his leiſure hours. Strong figures and expreſſive conciſeneſs are the characteriſtics of his writings; but there is a quaintneſs in his points, which the Engliſh language is not always equal to.—The elegance of Pliny, ſo genteely introduced to an Engliſh acquaintance by Mr. Melmoth, cannot but be ſtriking to every claſſical reader. Yet a man of genius, who ſhould find a tranſlation flow from his pen with that eaſe ſo remarkable in the original, might often be at a loſs for expreſſion in the concluding ſentence, from the quick turn

which diſtingiſhes that author; and reſembles rather the point of the Epigrammatiſt, than the unreſtrained negligence of the letter writer.

As the moſt diffuſe writers are univerſally moſt adapted to a change of language, it is remarkable, that the works of Cicero have been only partially tranſlated by Men qualified for ſuch an undertaking. His Rhetorical, and more particularly his Philoſophical diſquiſitions, the intereſting picture of the efforts of reaſon unaſſiſted by revelation, are ſtill confined to the admiration of the learned world.

The characters of theſe writers I have curſorily touched upon, as being thoſe which are moſt familiar to the pens of my fellow-citizens; and to the junior part of them, whoſe method of ſtudy is not yet fixed, I ſhould wiſh to recommend this method as the moſt efficacious introduction to claſſical knowledge. And now, good-natured reader, that thou may'ſt ſee with myſelf what an unpardonable offence, in the moral as well as literary world, is a negligent tranſlation, I will point out to thee one inſtance where the miſtake of a ſingle expreſſion has given riſe to a more barbarous

barous murder, than ever graced the frontiſpiece of a Newgate Calendar.

Thoſe laudable promoters of Chriſtian merriment, (as themſelves profeſs) Sternhold and Hopkins, either originally tempted by the text which they have adopted for their motto, to torture poor David into doggerel rhime; or pleaſed to conceal ſo inhuman a deed under ſuch unqueſtionable authority; refer us to the advice of an inſpired writer for their juſtification. And as pſalm ſinging is there preſcribed to thoſe who are light of heart, they have taken upon them to provide ample entertainment for all his Majeſty's Chriſtian ſubjects who are inclined to be tuneful.

The paſſage in the original language ſtands thus;

Κακοπαθεῖ τις ἐν ὑμῖν; προσευχέσθω: εὐθυμεῖ τις; ψαλλέτω. Epiſt. Jac. C. 5. V. 13.

This probably is not the expreſſion which would have been made uſe of, had the apoſtle intended to characterize ſacred muſic, as there are other words more peculiarly adapted to ſuch a meaning; and this is by the Greek authors promiſcuouſly uſed for any ſort of ſong; and among them by

Anacreon, whose lyre was seldom tun'd to psalmody, but in honour of deities whose worship did not admit of the serious or sublime. It is probable therefore, that this expression refers only to the effect which harmony is known to produce, in softening the extravagance of joy, as well as the pangs of affliction; and that this may be ranked among those many errata, which in some measure pervert the original intention of these inimitable writings; undoubtedly calculated to unite a simplicity adapted to the meanest capacities, with an elegance capable of pleasing the most refined.

C

THE MICROCOSM.

No. XXIX.—MONDAY, *June* 4, 1787.

——Vir bonus eſt quis?

The good man is a Quiz.

'TO GREGORY GRIFFIN, ESQ.

'MR. GREGORY GRIFFIN,

'I FIND, moſt unfortunately for 'myſelf, that I come under the de- 'nomination of a *quiz*. As it is 'your peculiar province to apply 'the laſh to the little world out of the library, it 'will be totally unneceſſary to offer an apology 'for this letter, which, it is my moſt earneſt re- 'queſt, may be circulated, eſpecially through the 'lower ſchool, with all poſſible expedition.

'But before I proceed, it may be thought ne-
'ceſſary to give ſome deſcription of a figure which
'my own conſcience but too frequently informs
'me is not, at firſt ſight, by any means agreeable.

'I am now forty-nine years of age, and mea-
'ſure four feet eight inches in height. My uſual
'dreſs is a dark wig without powder, a round
'gold laced hat, a light blue coat and waiſtcoat, a
'pair of black everlaſting breeches, and a large
'muſlin neckcloth, which, indeed, has lately been
'adopted by, and ſeems the conſtant ornament of
'the macaronies of the age.

'In my childhood the nurſe who took care, or
'rather who did not take care of me, let maſter
'Jacob (for that is my chriſtian name) fall upon
'the fender, which circumſtance ſhe, of courſe,
'concealed from my parents. Some time elapſed
'before the diſcovery was made, and all medical
'aſſiſtance was then ineffectual. The family ſur-
'geon looked very grave, and emphatically pro-
'nounced that the bones were diſtorted, and,
'although I was not yet *an adult*, it was by no
'means a recent injury; and that there would be

'a

'a *gibbosity*, a preternatural incurvation of the 'spina dorsi for the remainder of my existence.

'Notwithstanding, to please my mother, he 'gave me a steel machine, made to press princi-'pally upon the *gibbous* part, and afterwards tried 'a cross and strengthening plaister of *oxycroceum* 'and *opodeldock*, but without effect.

'The boys in the village soon began to call me 'humpy, and in a very short time, I was dig-'nified, by general consent, with the title of *my* 'Lord. My father, judging perhaps that my 'companions at School might banter and make 'game of my personal defects, procured a cler-'gyman to live in the house in the capacity of 'tutor; but being himself an excellent classick, 'he gave up much of his time to superintend the 'eudcation of his only son. Notwithstanding his 'paternal fondness and good intentions, I have 'but too frequently since felt the disadvantage of 'not having early enjoyed a public introduction 'into the world. Had my ear been a little 'more accustomed to the word *quiz*, I should 'have no occasion now to intrude myself upon 'your notice.

'But for the ſake of perſpicuity, it will be neceſſary to finiſh the deſcription of my perſon, before I enter into a detail of the grievances it has cauſed. It has been already prefaced, that I was doomed to have a hump-back; at the age of twenty-four a ſcrophulous humour disfigured a face not naturally reſembling that of Adonis. A little time before I reached my twenty-fifth year, two fore teeth were knocked out by a chamber-maid in Yorkſhire, whom I, after having drank too much, attempted to kiſs; and what made this circumſtance much more painful, ſhe had a little before, patiently, I might ſay willingly, ſubmitted her lips to be ſaluted by a young Officer, who was quartered at that time in the town. My noſe ſoon after began to increaſe to an enormous ſize, and is now perfectly unnatural. You may ſee in it all the colours of the rainbow; but red and purple are particularly conſpicuous, and like rivals, are plainly ſeen to contend for the ſuperiority. In ſhort, Sterne's trumpeter, when he entered Straſburgh, had *a ſnub* to mine in point of ſize, and an *aquiline* in point of beauty, for I exceed Bardolph, *the Knight of the burning Lamp*.

Riding

'Riding through Eton about a week ago, with 'my nose before me,

'*Nescio quid meditans, nugarum, et totus in illis.*

'Meditating, indeed, on I know not what, I 'was awakened from my reverie by several pro- 'vincial words, the meaning of which were to me, 'at that time, almost unintelligible; although by 'the gestures which accompanied them, it was no 'difficult matter to discover that they were not 'intended by way of compliment, "*There's a quiz!* "*there's a good one! my God! what a Gig! what* "*a tough one! Smoke his nose!*"

'Notwithstanding I perceived that these ex- 'pressions proceeded from several young Etonians, 'not one of whom had arrived at the age of thir- 'teen, my indignation was foolishly roused. I 'long'd for the trumpeter's sword, and in the 'first ebullitions of rage, idly made use of some 'very hasty expressions. It was lucky for both 'parties, but more especially for myself, that I 'had nothing in my hand but a small flexible 'switch. However, my anger was momentary; 'I soon collected all my lost philosophy, repeating those

'thoſe lines of Horace, to which theoriſts often 'have recourſe

——————*animum rege! qui niſi paret*
Imperat: hunc frænis, hunc tu compeſce catenâ.

'But it was too late, I had provoked the boys to 'reſentment. Several now ran to the head of my 'beaſt,

——————*Nec Saxa, nec ullum*
Telorum interea ceſſat genus.

'Many pieces of mud and ſome ſtones were 'thrown, notwithſtanding I advanced ſafe under 'cover of my noſe, ſtill *quizzed* and ſtill pelted, 'till my quadrupede arrived oppoſite the ſchool-'gate. I looked round for a *maſter* in vain: No 'black gown was to be ſeen. At length an arch 'boy, with dark brown hair, which hung in ring-'lets down his back, took up a thiſtle, which un-'fortunately lay in the road, and put it under my 'horſe's tail. Can I with temper deſcribe the fa-'tal cataſtrophe which enſued?—My long-tailed 'white ſteed, which is called *Surrey*, nervous and 'mettleſome to a degree, immediately began to 'plunge, putting his head between his legs,

'neighing,

'neighing, and doing I know not what beſides.
'I ſtrove ſtrenuouſly to keep my ſeat—but

——————'*Oh! vain boaſt,*
'*Who can controul his fate?*

'To be brief, my length was meaſured upon the
'ground, and I cut a place in the back part of my
'head; an inch and an half in length; my brown
'wig was full of blood, and my light blue coat was
'ſo ſtained, that I have never been able to cover
'my hump with it again. However, my ludi-
'crous appearance was ſoon forgotten, and I was
'carried into a neighbouring ſhop. Many of the
'ſcholars crowded about, offering their ſervices,
'which I knew not how to decline, though at firſt,
'I feared to truſt them; but the unfeigned huma-
'nity and attention that were now conſpicu-
'ous, ſoon convinced me their conduct was void
'of duplicity. Some of the larger boys, and one
'in particular, lifted up his hand to chaſtize the
'young criminal who had applied the thiſtle, but,
'upon my interceſſion, politely deſiſted. *White*
'*Surrey*, after being eaſed of his burthen, had
'galloped up Slough-road; however he was
'brought ſafe back in a few minutes, my head

'was

'was bound up, I remounted, and proceeded to-
'wards London.

'A ſight of one of your periodical papers, in-
'duced me to addreſs a letter to you, hoping,
'partly upon a public, and partly upon a private
'motive, that it may be peruſed within the
'walls of the college.

'I am confident that you, Mr. Gregory Grif-
'fin, was not one of the ſpectators who beheld my
'downfall, or it would not have eſcaped imme-
'diate cenſure from ſo able a pen; not that I
'would be thought one of thoſe ſtarch, uncon-
'ſcionable gentlemen who expect to ſee youth
'bleſſed with all the benefit of experience, well
'knowing that it would be as impoſſible to pre-
'ſcribe limits to the winds, as to forbid a ſecond
'form boy now and then to ſmoke a quiz. All I
'requeſt is, that next time my noſe and I come
'through Eton, the thiſtle may be omitted; and,
'as miſſile weapons are now out of faſhion among
'civilized nations, I particularly deprecate the
'dirt and ſtones.

'Eton has long been the diſtinguiſhed ſeat of
'politeneſs as well as learning. One laſh from you
'may

'may perhaps have more effect in ſoftening theſe 'laſt remains of barbariſm in your republic, than 'all the birch within ten miles of the precincts of 'the college. We may all be eaſily convinced 'that external appearance is by no means a juſt 'criterion by which the merit of a man can be 'judged. You, Mr. Gregory Griffin, well know, 'that Alexander the Great, although conqueror 'of the world, had a perſonal defect; that De-'moſthenes had not an agreeable figure; that Mr. 'Pope was awry; that Horace was a ſhort punch-'bellied fellow, in ſhort a *tough one*; that Voltaire 'was a *good one*; and that Socrates himſelf was a 'quiz.

'I have the honour to be,

'Sir,

'Your moſt obedient humble Servant,

'*London, May* 4.

'VIR BONUS.'

My Correſpondent's complaint is by no means without foundation; and as Cenſor General, it is a ſubject which would not ſo long have eſcaped my animadverſion, had I not conſidered that it would come with more propriety from one who had

had materially ſuffered from it, and could therefore more *feelingly* point out its ill conſequences.

Every nation has its peculiar antipathies, political or religious; which, on the ſmalleſt commotion of the body politic, may be obſerved to take the lead, and in a great meaſure direct the fury of the multitude; as in the natural body, the conſtitutional diſeaſe is rouſed from its dormant ſtate, and is the firſt to evince its malignity, when the irregularity of the blood gives advantage to its attacks.

But theſe may generally be traced to their origin; a long ſeries of wars; the diſſenſion of families; a bigotted perſecution; and frequently natural rivalſhip, have eſtabliſhed the moſt rooted averſion for each other, in the very genius of nations apparently at peace; and hereditary hoſtilities have been kept up in the minds of the populace, by connecting them with every idea which naturally has the ſtrongeſt hold on their feelings. The ſtrange antipathies of our republican to the inoffenſive race of *Quizzes* can be attributed to none of theſe cauſes; and it is impoſſible to account for the perſecution of theſe beings

beings, unleſs we ſuppoſe, that non-reſiſtance only ſharpens that rage which uglineſs originally provoked. The *Quiz*, like the Eſkimaux, generally ſeems contented with his humble lot; he eats, drinks, and ſleeps, and has, no doubt, in ſome reſpects a reaſonable ſoul, which is a privilege many naturaliſts have denied to the latter.

But, alas, I fear it is more than a Herculean labour to undertake the juſtification of a bottle noſe; or reſcue a ſuit of Dittos from revilings! the populace will ſtill be what it always was; and in ſpite of the admonitions of Gregory Griffin, a Jackaſs and a *Quiz* be perſecuted with the ſame unrelenting ſeverity.

THE MICROCOSM.

No. XXX.—MONDAY, *June* 11, 1787.

Quanto rectius hic.—Hor.

How much ſuperior he, &c.

FROM the time that I firſt promiſed my fellow-citizens I would point out a ſet of books to their obſervation, from the peruſal of which, if ſubſtituted in the place of Novels, they might derive at leaſt equal advantage and entertainment, there has ſcarce a day paſſed, in which ſome attempt has not been made by different correſpondents, either by letters of enquiry or conjecture, to foreſtall my good advice,

vice, and anticipate my intended recommendation. Some have been ſo good-natured, as to cloak counſel under the garb of conjecture, and under pretence of gueſſing my intentions, have recommended their own favourite ſtudies to my notice, as fit objects for my recommendation to the notice of my fellow-citizens; and furniſhed me with arguments for the ſupport of their own propoſitions. Others have contented themſelves with forming a variety of conjectures; and ſome of them have ſo far piqued themſelves on their ſagacity, that they have confidently offered me wagers of *ten to one*, which I can aſſure my readers, I expect no ſmall applauſe for not having accepted; when they conſider, that had my views been at all mercenary, I might here have taken the opportunity to pick up a very comfortable ſum in a very honourable way. Others again have been ſo conſcious of their own unbounded attachment to the ſtudy I have laboured to depreciate, as to think themſelves particularly pointed at, in that ſentence, where I complained of the unmerited contempt with which the objects of my intended recommendation are treated; and have ſent me the moſt affecting aſſurances of better behaviour for the future. *Hiſtoriophilus* cannot help being

being surprized that I should know he had never "*read his Bible*," which he doubts not is the book to which I propose calling his attention; but he promises me faithfully henceforward to read a chapter of it every night going to bed, and never to devour at most above three novels in a month. *Latinus's* conscience has been equally busy in informing him, that the books I mean for his perusal can be no other than the *Classics*, to which, though, he owns, he has hitherto neglected them, to gratify his taste for sentiment, he is now determined, in compliance with my advice, to give the most ardent attention; and as an earnest of his amendment, he tells me, he has already struck out his name from the list of subscribers to the circulating library; for which he adds, rather archly, my bookseller, he believes, will not consider himself under any great obligation to me.

Though I must assure these gentlemen, that all their suppositions are very erroneous; I cannot but confess myself very much pleased, at the above-mentioned salutary, and I will add unforeseen effects of my censorial exertions. Not but I am a little surprized, that any of my correspondents could for a moment suppose me so devoid

void of delicacy, as to propoſe, as a ſubſtitute for ſentiment, the dull peruſal of the unpoliſhed Ancients, and a ſtudy ſo unfaſhionable as religion.

There are beſides thoſe already mentioned, another ſet of correſpondents, of whom I muſt take ſome notice, before I proceed to the diſcovery of my purpoſe. Theſe are ſome who have continued to ſend me frequent aſſurances of the little credit they give to my profeſſions of diſintereſtedneſs; and who reſolve, in ſpite of my declarations to the contrary, to perſevere in believing the ſtudies, to which I with them to give ſo much application, to be no other than my own lucubrations. One Gentleman in particular, has taken the trouble to be extremely witty on the ſubject; and has had the art, by a courſe of the moſt apt and pointed obſervations, to turn my own declaration againſt me. He adduces the example of a Highwayman, with great ſucceſs; and tells an intereſting and affecting ſtory, (but rather of the longeſt) extracted as it ſeems from the "*Newgate Calendar, or Malefactors Bloody Regiſter*," by which it appears, that this highwayman "denied this murder before he was accuſed of it, "and ſo got himſelf found out." This my Gentleman

Gentleman conſiders as exactly a caſe in point, and proceeds accordingly through a long ſeries of logical diviſions, and ſome very nice and ſubtle diſtinctions of "*whys*" and "*wherefores*" to argue, that my diſavowal of any ſiniſter view to my own advantage, could have been derived from nothing, but a perfect conſciouſneſs of the ſame; and conſequently muſt be aſcribed to preciſely the ſame motives, as the unſolicited proteſtations of his hero the Highwayman.

Ingenious as are the arguments, and concluſive as are the inferences of my worthy Correſpondent, I muſt beg leave to differ from him very decidedly on the preſent queſtion; and however ſure the grounds of the indictment preferred againſt me, may appear to him at preſent, I doubt not, but the very material evidence which I ſhall produce on my part, will, ere long, induce him to alter his opinion, and to give a verdict in favour of my diſintereſtedneſs.

I ſhall now therefore no longer delay to bring forward, as ſubſtantial and ſatisfactory witneſſes of my diſintereſtedneſs, the books, which I think ſo fully capable of ſupplying the place of thoſe ſtudies

ſtudies which uſually engroſs the attention of our Novel-readers. And theſe are no other than the inſtructive and entertaining Hiſtories of Mr. THOMAS THUMB, Mr. JOHN HICKATHRIFT, and ſundry other celebrated Worthies; a true and faithful account of whoſe adventures and atchievements, may be had by the Curious, and Public in general, price two-pence gilt, at Mr. *Newbery's*, *St. Paul's Church-Yard*, and at ſome other Gentleman's, whoſe name I do not now recollect, the *Bouncing B. Shoe-Lane.*

I am well aware that full many are the opinions I ſhall have to combat againſt in behalf of my recommendation. Many there will be who will ungenerouſly cavil at the ſize of my *proteges*; armed with a ſort of cowardly criticiſm, which though it dares not venture any ſtrictures on a bulky folio, or ſcan the Merits of even a tolerable corpulent Quarto, yet thinks itſelf fully competent to give a decided opinion on ſo ſmall an offspring of literature, and to perſecute an unprotected 16mo with the moſt unrelenting ſeverity.

To ſhew however the very high eſtimation, in which I am confident, they deſerve to be held by the

the literary world, I ſhall not condeſcend to compare them with thoſe precious farragos, in the room of which I intend introducing them to my fellow-citizens. Far higher are my ideas of the comparative excellence of Mr. Newbery's little-books—and more eſpecially of the two to which I have before alluded.—In the heroes of theſe, a candid and impartial critic will readily agree with me, that we find a very ſtrong reſemblance to thoſe who are immortalized in *Homeric* ſong; that in HICKATHRIFT we ſee pourtrayed the ſpirit, the proweſs, and every great quality of ACHILLES; and in THUMB, the prudence, the caution, the patience, the perſeverance of ULYSSES. There is however, one peculiar advantage, which the hiſtories of the modern Worthies enjoy over their ancient originals, which is that of uniting the Great and Sublime of Epic grandeur, with the Little and the Low of common life; and of tempering the fiercer and more glaring colours of the Marvellous and the Terrible, with the ſofter ſhades of the Domeſtic and the Familiar. Where, in either of the great originals, ſhall we find ſo pleaſing an aſſemblage of tender ideas, ſo intereſting a picture of domeſtic employments,—as the following ſketch of the night preceding that in which *Tom Thumb*

Thumb and his brethren were to be purpoſely loſt in the Wood?

" Now it was nine o'clock, and all the chil-
" dren, after eating a piece of bread and butter,
" were put to bed. But little *Tom* did not eat
" his—but put it in his pocket.—And now all
" the Children were faſt aſleep in their beds—but
" little *Tom* could not ſleep for thinking of what
" he had heard the night before—ſo he got up,
" and put on his ſhoes and ſtockings, &c."

How forcibly does this paſſage bring to the mind of every claſſical reader, the picture which *Homer* draws of *Agamemnon*, in the 10th book of the *Iliad*.

Αλλ' ὁκ Ατρειδην Αγαμεμνονα, ποιμενα λαῶν,
Υπνος εχε γλυκερος, πολλα φρεσιν ορμαινουϊα, &c.

——— ———*The Chiefs before their veſſels lay*
And left in ſleep the labours of the day;
All but the King; with various thoughts oppreſt,
His Country's cares lay rolling in his breaſt, &c.
He roſe
And on his feet the ſhining ſandals bound, &c.

This vigilant conduct in brooding a ſleepleſs night over embryo expeditions, and cautiouſly providing againſt future neceſſities by the pocketing of his bread and butter, is at leaſt equal to any trait in the character of ULYSSES.—Nor is it in point of Character only, that the reſemblance between this Work and the two great Poems of Antiquity is diſcernible. Here we find alſo in their fulleſt perfection

———*Specioſa—Miracula rerum,*
Antiphaten, Scyllamque, et cum cyclope Charybdin.
Antiphates his hideous feaſt devours, &c.

FRANCIS.

To ſay nothing of the form of the OGRE, which is painted in a ſtyle infinitely beyond the POLYPHEME of *Homer*—to paſs over the terrible poetic imagery with which his firſt ſpeech of *Fee, Faw, Fum,* is replete—it muſt I think be readily allowed, the ſtratagem by which *Tom* releaſes himſelf and his brethren from the Monſter's power, (by taking "the crowns of gold from the heads of the little Ogres and Ogreſſes, and putting them on their own; whereby the Giant comes and kills his own children") is far more poetical, far more noble, than the pitiful eſcape of ULYSSES and his companions, under the ſheeps' bellies, and the

paltry

paltry contrivance of Ουδεις.—But there is another circumſtance where the fictions of the two poets bear a ſtill nearer reſemblance to each other. The learned Reader will eaſily gueſs that I mean—the March of the OGRE, in the third Chapter of *Tom Thumb*, and that of NEPTUNE, in the thirteenth Book of the Iliad.—To enable my readers to draw the compariſon better, I ſhall tranſcribe both.

"*There the* OGRE," ſays my author "*called for* "*his ſeven leagued boots, in which he journeyed, and he* "*put them on; and he took one, two, three ſteps, and* "*at the third he came to the dark cave where little* "TOM *was.*"

Of NEPTUNE's paſſage from *Samothrace* to *Troy*, *Homer* ſays,

Τρὶς μὲν ὀρέξατ' ἰὼν· τὸ δὲ τέτρατον, ἵκετο τέκμωρ,
Αἰγὰς·

From realm to realm three ample ſtrides he took,
And at the fourth the diſtant Egæ ſhook.

"Which" ſays his commentator, "is pretty near "a degree at each ſtep."—But let the Reader candidly examine both the paſſages, and make

fair allowances for the unavoidable difference in ſound, of "*the diſtant Egæ*," and "*the dark cave* "*where little Tom was*," and I doubt not but my Author will claim at leaſt an equal ſhare of admiration.

But it would be an endleſs taſk to point out every latent beauty, every unnoticed elegance with which theſe productions are interſperſed. Not to enter therefore into a comparative view of the Characters of HICKATHRIFT and ACHILLES; to omit noticing the affecting and ſolemn invocation of the Princeſs CINDERELLA to the bean her counſellor, beginning "*Bean, bean, little bean, I* "*charge thee in the name of the fairy Trufio*" (which by the bye juſtifies the opinion of *Pythagoras* with regard to the reverence due to this vegetable) to omit this, I ſay, and other innumerable paſſages, equally worthy of notice, I ſhall haſten to inform my fellow-citizens, that in compliance with my advice, my bookſeller propoſes very ſoon ſubſtituting in the room of his preſent Catalogue, a liſt of all the productions of this kind, which can be procured either at Mr Newbery's or the Bouncing B.

And

And I doubt not but I ſhall in a very ſhort time have the ſatisfaction to ſee the generality of my fellow-citizens, running through them with the moſt eager avidity, from beginning to end—from "*Once upon a time*," to "*lived very happy afterwards:*" fully convinced, that ſuch works as could bear a competition with the ſtrains of *Homer*, would be degraded by any compariſon with the ſilly Effuſions of nonſenſe and ſentiment—convinced too, if the examples for the purpoſes of morality be conſidered, that a Character which gleaned the ſeveral excellencies of all the *Edwards*, the *Sir Harry's*, and the *Pamelas* of Novel-writers—would be but a poor competitor with one that joined in itſelf the patience and chaſtity of CINDERELLA, the prudence of THUMB, and the heroiſm of HICKATHRIFT.

B

THE MICROCOSM.

No. XXXI.—MONDAY, *June* 18, 1787.

Opere in longo fas eſt obrepere ſomnum.—HOR.

In a long work an Author once may doſe.—NAN.

HAVING an idle hour the other evening, and being in one of thoſe *miſcellaneous* humours in which our ſole object is to kill time; I happened to fix on a moral eſſay on human nature, as the moſt effectual and expeditious means of diſpatching him. As I turned over the pages, I could not but remark, how ingeniouſly its philanthropic

thropic author had endeavoured to put his readers out of humour with themſelves, by proving to them, that in ſpite of their own endeavours, they inevitably muſt be greater knaves or fools than their grand-fathers.

From the contemplation of theſe weeping Philoſophers, my reflection naturally led me to thoſe ingenious projectors, who with more benevolence, though if poſſible leſs effect, have devoted their literary labours to the reformation of a vicious age; and formed ſuch ſublime and comprehenſive projects for reducing human nature to its primitive ſtate of purity.

The recollection of the deep-laid projects for the abolition of Chriſtianity, the conſolidation of Turks, Jews, and Gentiles, the converſion of the grand Signior, the Pope, or the Emperor of China, was ſo intereſting a ſubject, that it might have kept me awake beyond my uſual hour; had I not fortunately recollected, that in the courſe of thirty numbers I had not had one viſion. Alarmed at this idea, I was determined to go to ſleep without loſing a moment, and dream in full time for the preſs. I had no ſooner put the firſt part of

my reſolution in practice, when lo! whether Morpheus is the profeſſed patron of periodical writers, or is ambitious of removing the imputation of levity from his character, by giving a viſion ſome kind of regularity, from whichever cauſe it proceeded, my dream was an exact continuation of the ſubject which had ſo long employed my thoughts.

It was at the dead of night, when ſome eccentric being, (whoſe project had I conceive been hatched long before I had fallen aſleep, otherwiſe, gentle reader, every thing could not have been ſo exactly prepared,) had made ready the following conſpiracy for execution. Tired of continually haraſſing his mind for the advantage of an ungrateful public, and vexed to the gizzard to find his predictions ridiculed by thoſe butterflies who can ſo unfeelingly enjoy the happineſs of the preſent hour, amidſt luxury, faction, and all the alarming ſymptoms of a decay in human nature; he had laid a general plot among the orthodox adherents of roaſt beef and fat ale, for the total extermination of what the world term *men of genius*.

In

In consequence of this agreement, it was concerted, that the massacre should take place at the sound of a steeple bell; this in all conspiracies, real and visionary, is an absolute requisite, for the truth of which I refer my readers to the great authority of the Parisian massacre; besides all Tragedians, whose poetical variations of *incursions*, *flourishes*, *alarms*, *murders*, &c. have universally originated from the unaffected simplicity of the Bell. At this spirit-stiring sound then, what inundations of countenances, to all appearance inoffensive, rushed out in character of assassins; and in what a ludicrous mixture was the lean haggard eagerness of Grub-street, contrasted with the rosy independence of Cheapside. All however seemed unanimous in the resistless fury with which they persecuted the helpless objects of their vengeance. In their avidity to destroy, the innocent often fell with the guilty; and even news-paper odes on the seasons were sufficient to decide the fate of an unhappy poetaster. It had been before provided, that convivial ballads should be exempted from the common fate; as the destruction of them might materially injure the wine trade. Intermixed with those who were most active in this scene of destruction, I was struck with the

figures of a number of ſlaviſh wretches, laden with fetters and inſtruments of torture, and every where following the conſpirators. I was informed by a byeſtander, that theſe were chiefly Commentators, whoſe office it was to bind and torment all thoſe who were deſtined to be preſerved as the laughingſtock of their perſecutors; that the fetters were critical rules, and the inſtruments of torture were *Diverſæ lectiones*, *occultæ allegoriæ*, and *interpretationes elegantiſſimæ*, ſuppoſed to have been originally invented by the northern barbarians, thoſe deſtroyers of all literature, as their etymology can ſcarcely be traced to any civilized language. "Frequently, Sir," continued he, "theſe executioners ſeize on a victim whoſe amazing ſtrength is ſufficient to baffle their utmoſt efforts; a Homer, a Pindar, or a Shakeſpear may burſt the fetters, or defy the ineffectual tortures of this race; but their violence has often maimed and utterly defaced geniuſſes of a more delicate texture." I was ſo well ſatisfied with this account, that my curioſity would have led me to have aſked more queſtions; but that I found myſelf (as is the nature of dreams,) on a ſudden tranſported to the centre of our little world. A ſelect party had

had been detached here from the main body, and had been joined by ſeveral malecontent citizens; but by ſome unaccountable miſtake, they had directed their ſearch to thoſe elms ſo famed by faithleſs bards, whoſe affectionate veneration exiſted in profeſſions alone. The ſpot was occupied by cricketers, whoſe uniform vacancy of countenance ſecured them from the attacks of this licentious mob. One ſolitary poet was reclining on the graſſy bank; but upon a croſs examination it was diſcovered, that he was compoſing on the pleaſures of a country life; and in the courſe of his examination, as he betrayed other evident marks of inſanity, it was thought proper to diſmiſs him with a gentle reprimand. In their return however to the Metropolis, this detachment intercepted an epiſtle from Corydon, of Little Turnſtile, to Amaryllis, of Smallbury-Green; it was immediately conveyed to their leader, who ſuppoſing it might contain ſome material information, examined the contents, but on finding a confuſed jargon of *purling rills*, *graſſy hills*, *woolly ſheep*, *gentle ſleep*, &c. &c. was in doubt how to proceed, when it was ſuggeſted by one of the Commentators, that it muſt be a counterplot, couched in allegorical terms. Their march was accordingly directed

directed to Smallbury-Green, and orders iſſued to ſeize any ſuſpicious perſon or perſons who were diſcovered within an hundred yards of any rill, ditch, gutter, canal, or the like. Many were accordingly apprehended, and ſome in the very act of compoſing; but as it appeared they were inoffenſive beings, totally incapable of deſign, and was moreover urged that they by no means fell under the deſcription of men of genius, it was determined to puniſh the ringleaders, who ſhould be adjudged formidable enemies *in terrorem*. Theocritus, Virgil, Pope, and Shenſtone, as they were non-apparent, and no informer could produce their equals, were accordingly burnt in effigy. And here, gentle reader, did fortune again befriend me; for perceiving that I had dreamt a paper, ſhe thought it moſt adviſeable to ſet the giddy populace to ſhouting at the ſpectacle, and by this excellent manœuvre, rouſe me from my dream, as ſhe has regularly done my predeceſſors.

And now, as I foreſee, reader, that this is a ſubject which is likely to call forth thy hidden talent of being facetious, ſhould ſome plain-dealing body, in the ſimplicity of his heart, enquire how Gregory

Gregory eſcaped among this maſſacre, and ſhouldeſt thou find thyſelf inclined, under cover of an arch leer, to anſwer, that he was perfectly ſecure; ſmother the riſing joke, and learn, to the utter confuſion of thy waggery, that it has been the privilege of all dreamers, from time immemorial, to be unintereſted ſpectators of the viſionary ſcene; except, that in dreams in and about the valley of Bagdad, the Mirzah or Abdallah of the ſtory has uſually ſome obſequious genie at hand to ſerve a double purpoſe; that of unfolding to him the hidden meaning of the dream, and pointing out to the reader the correctneſs of the author's allegory. But as my dream is neither oriental nor allegorical, I ſhall beg leave on this occaſion to plead prerogative.

To conclude, I muſt entreat thee to take this and all my other naps in good part; and to reflect, that where an Addiſon has doſed, and a Johnſon ſlept, it is no impeachment, even on the proverbial vigilance of a GRIFFIN, to be ſometimes overtaken

THE MICROCOSM.

No. XXXII.—MONDAY, *June* 25, 1787.

——— ——— *Unus et alter.*
Assuitur pannus, ——— ——— HOR.
'Tis all a Patch-work.

TO a writer, and especially a periodical writer, it has justly been observed, that there is no part of his business so difficult as the selection of a subject.

That Traveller will arrive sooner at his place of destination, who pushes on to the end of his journey through a strait and direct road, from whence

whence no winding paths allure his feet, no variety of diſtant ſcenery diverts his attention; than he, whoſe way lies through a country diverſified with a multitude of objects, which ſolicit his admiration; who ſtops to gaze at every opening proſpect, to catch the ſunſhine of every meadow, and enjoy the coolneſs of every grove.

Nearly the ſame difference exiſts between the writer of volumes, who purſues one ſettled ſubject, whether of reaſoning or narrative, and whoſe labours, when that ſubject is fixed, are confined to the detail of facts, or the arrangement of arguments; and the Eſſayiſt, whoſe periodical exertions require a deſultory diligence; which unable to purſue an uninterrupted train of thought, muſt, to avoid a fameneſs of ſubject, occaſionally adapt itſelf to every ſpecies of compoſition, and muſt aſſume a variety of ſtyles and ſentiments, ſuch as may ſuit a variety of topics, and agree with the different purpoſes of ſatire, or commendation, of ſprightly wit or ſpeculative ſolemnity.

It is not therefore from a dearth of ſubjects, but from a too great abundance of them, that this

this difficulty in ſelection takes its riſe. A man who ſits down to a table where there is but one diſh, will, if he is hungry, make a hearty meal of that; but if the board be laden with a profuſion of different delicacies, he will, however ſharp ſet, make ſome pauſe ere he begins, to conſider againſt which the firſt attack of his appetite ſhall be directed.

In a ſituation, much reſembling either of the preceding which I have deſcribed, do I frequently find myſelf at the beginning of a paper. For either my attention, like that of the Traveller, is ſo abſorbed in the contemplation of diſtant images, and ſo diſtracted by the multiplicity of ſurrounding objects, that while I gaze at them all with undeciding admiration, I advance not a ſtep towards the completion of my deſign;—or, like the gentleman at table, my appetite is ſolicited by ſo great a variety of delicacies, all equally tempting, that while I am eager to taſte them all, I know not on which to begin;—or (which is as applicable and expreſſive a ſimile as either of the foregoing,) my mind, like the coffin of the Prophet of *Mecca*, is ſo equally aſſailed on every ſide by the magnetiſm of ſurrounding attractions, that

that it hangs in ſuſpenſe between them all, without the power to incline to either.

In almoſt all caſes, where the judgement is unable to decide, chance, however little mankind in general may be inclined to confeſs it, is the beſt and only arbitrator. The biographer of the great *La Mancha*, freely owns, that in all points of the road which admitted of heſitation, he did not ſcruple to leave it, according to the laudable cuſtom of knights errant from time immemorial, to chance, or what is nearly the ſame thing, to the judgement of *Roſinante*. And it is related of ſome *French* Judge, who was remarked throughout his whole practice for the almoſt infallible juſtice of his decrees, that whenever any extraordinary caſe occurred, the circumſtances of which were ſo perplexed as to render him incapable of giving a decided opinion in favor of either ſide, with ſatisfaction to his own conſcience, he was accuſtomed to retire to his cloſet, and refer it to the final deciſion of the die. For my own part, ſo firm is my reliance on the arbitration of chance, that I can aſſure my readers, many is the good paper, for the ſubject of which they are indebted to her interference; many are the hints which ſhe has been kind

kind enough to throw in my way, by an accidental dip into a poetical miſcellany, or an *Ainſworth's* dictionary; or a caſual glance at a newspaper advertiſement, or a pamphlet in a bookſeller's ſhop window. Nor indeed is it poſſible that chance, if truſted to, ſhould ſuggeſt any ſubject, out of which ſomething might not be gathered, capable enough of being rendered ſerviceable to purpoſes either of inſtruction or amuſement. This I believe my readers will be ready to allow, when I aſſure them, that even this paper, totally unconnected as it may appear to them with any uſe whatever, is calculated to ſerve as a precept of morality. I intend it indeed as a ſtriking inſtance of the folly of not confining one's attention to one particular object; as he who has many objects in view, cannot attend properly to the purſuit of any one of them. Thus there is nothing however inconſiderable, from which morality may not be derived; whether it be from the contemplation of a broomſtick, or of the chubby countenances of tomb-ſtone Cherubim. "And for a text" (or a motto) ſays the celebrated Author of *Triſtram Shandy*—"*Cappadocia, Pontus, and Phrygia*, will anſwer as well as any ſentence out of any book whatever."

There

There are however other circumſtances ſtill more embarraſſing in the choice of a ſubject. "That there is nothing new under the ſun," was the no leſs true than lamentable complaint of ſome ancient philoſopher. And if this want of novelty obtained in his time, what can a poor Authorling of the preſent day expect? when ſo many hungry followers have been for ages gathering up every crumb of invention which had fallen from the tables of the ancients, and picking the bones of every diſputation on every topic, over and over again, with the moſt induſtrious eagerneſs. It could not fail, I am certain, to excite the commiſeration of my readers, were I to relate how many bright ideas and brilliant expreſſions I have rejected, merely becauſe they have been thought and expreſſed in the ſame manner a hundred times before; how often, after wandering in vain to find ſome untrodden path of original invention, I have been tempted to beat the beaten way of imitation; and to take another turn out of the threadbare topics of "Virtue and Vice," or, "The Return of *Ulyſſes*."

But though to place common objects in new lights, to cloath familiar ideas in unhacknied language,

language, so as to give an air of novelty to conceptions with which every body is acquainted, be a labour requiring the united efforts of ingenuity and judgement; yet even when this is accomplished, the reader must have a certain coincidence of thought, a sympathy of feeling, and must peruse a paper with the same spirit with which it was written, ere he can enter fully into the ideas, and relish the sentiments of the author. Hence, is it, reader, that you and I, have in all probability frequently differed in opinion, during the course of these my lucubrations. Every paper must infallibly borrow its hue from the humour, or the accident of the moment, in which it is written. Now if it has, as it no doubt often has, so happened, that you have taken up in a merry humour, what I have written in a grave one, or *vice versâ*, that you have been very solemn when I have been disposed to be very witty, it is ten to one, but both my wit and my gravity have been totally lost upon you; that the sprightliest sallies of the former have been unable to derange the phlegmatic primness of your muscular œconomy; and that instead of receiving with due reverence the precepts of the latter, you have been wickedly

edly inclined to treat me and my morality with moſt unchriſtian ridicule.

Hearing the other day that a fellow-citizen of mine had exerciſed his genius in the compoſition of a Tragedy, I took the liberty of enquiring the ſubject of it, and was informed by him, after conſiderable heſitation, that it was "*on no particular ſubject.*" This is, I believe, nearly the predicament in which my preſent paper ſtands; for though I flatter myſelf I have pointed out in it what a paper ought to be, it has been rather by example than precept; by inſtancing in an eminent degree what it ought not to be.—But as I have gone on thus far without ſelecting *any particular ſubject*, and as I am now too far advanced to *dip* for a new one, in any of the books which lie upon my table, I ſhall conclude my paper with a letter, in which my fellow-citizens will find ſuch rules laid down, as will, if well obſerved, contribute no doubt, to render them good and uſeful citizens of the greater world.—And I flatter myſelf, my correſpondent will forgive my publiſhing it, with ſuch a view, though contrary to his expreſs deſire.

'To

'TO GREGORY GRIFFIN, ESQ.

'DEAR SIR,

"Do what you are bid"—"come when you "are called"—"ſpeak when you are ſpoken to"—'and "ſhut the door after you."—Such were the 'precepts, Mr. Griffin, which in my earlier days, 'I imbibed from the tongue of my grandmother; 'ſuch was the path of morality chalked out for 'me, by following which I was to become an ho-'nour to my family, a credit to my country, and '*Lord Chancellor*. For you muſt know, Sir, that 'from my infancy, this was the deſtined goal to 'which my courſe of glory was to be directed.—'As I was the darling of my Grandmother, to her 'was left the ſole care and ſuperintendence of my 'education. For the furtherance therefore of her 'projects in my favour, it was reſolved, when I 'was eight years old, to ſend me to *Eton*. At my 'ſetting out her former maxims were reinforced 'by the addition of a few more equally ſervice-'able exhortations, viz. "to be a good boy"—"mind my book"—"never to get on horſeback "till I could ride"—"nor to venture into the wa-"ter 'till I could ſwim"—and above all," "not "to make myſelf ſick by the too haſty expen-"diture of the ſixpence, which ſhe beſtowed on

"me

" me at parting."—All theſe maxims, Mr. Grif-
' fin, comprehenſive as they are, I have carefully
' treaſured up in my mind; and I write now,
' merely to aſk your opinion of their efficacy to
' make me an honour to my family, and every
' thing elſe which her fond hopes have cut me
' out for. At any rate, Mr. Griffin, there are, I
' am confident, many of our fellow-citizens, who
' have far inferior precepts for their moral conduct
' than myſelf; and I muſt beg therefore that you
' will not take advantage of my letter, by betray-
' ing my ſecret aſſurances of ſucceſs, to raiſe
' me up competitors in my progreſs to the
' *Woolſack*.

' I am, Sir,

' Your's,

' ——————.

B.

THE MICROCOSM.

No. XXXIII.—MONDAY, *July* 2, 1787.

Aliæ, nullis hominum cogentibus, ipſæ,
Sponte ſuâ veniunt. — VIRG.

Some without man's compulſive art,
Shoot forth ſelf-born.

THE philoſopher Xanthus, ſays L'Eſtrange, going one day, attended by his ſlave, Æſop, to a garden near the city, was aſked by its owner, (who in courſe as a claſſical gardener had an excluſive privilege of philoſophizing) why, notwithſtanding the high culture

ture and artificial nouriſhment he applied to his exotics, the native weeds, under the diſadvantages of a barren ſoil, were ſtronger in their growth, and more luxurious in their vegetation? Xanthus, who though he could not cloſe with his adverſary knew how to parry his thruſt, after ſome reflection turned to Æſop, and with ſeeming contempt of the queſtion, commanded him to anſwer it. "All power of vegetation" replied the ſlave, "is in the hands of nature, who in this "inſtance acts with the uſual partiality of a ſtep-"mother; depreſſing the produce of art, and in-"vigorating her own hardy offſpring with the "profuſion of parental fondneſs."

What was in the inſtance of the vegetable world ſo well applied by this ſelf inſtructed philoſopher, may, with equal propriety be obſerved in the ſeemingly partial diſtribution of natural endowments to the human mind; and hiſtory does not perhaps furniſh us with a more ſtriking inſtance than his own, of the decided ſuperiority nature will in all her operations maintain over the feeble imitations of art. Even under the complicated diſcouragements of low origin, depreſſed condition, and want of education, the natura y qui-

conceptions of this unenlightened ſlave, reflected a brightneſs, which the artificial poliſh of acquired knowledge was unable to equal. As we believe that our ſouls are originally of one ſubſtance, and will hereafter univerſally return to their priſtine ſtate, the manifeſt difference in our powers of mind, can only be referred to the different organization of our bodies; and we may conclude, that the different degrees of ſuſceptibility in thoſe ſecret channels of connection through which our living agents act, has in ſome degree the ſame effect on the mental faculties, which dreſs has in ornamenting or diſfiguring our bodies themſelves.

It is evident then, by ſo remarkable a proviſion againſt it, that nature never deſigned a univerſal equality in the human ſpecies; that ſhe has wiſely and impartially divided the orders of mankind, by raiſing a choſen few to act in a conſpicuous ſphere, as the objects of laudable emulation, or the melancholy warnings to overbearing ambition; by conducting others, and of theſe a larger number, by a ſafer, but leſs popular road, to honeſt reputation; and by filling up the vacuum with thoſe, by far the moſt conſiderable part

part of the ſpecies, who glide through "*the calm* "*ſequeſtered vale of Life*" with uninterrupted tranquillity, and have no care of protracting their exiſtence beyond the burial ſervice.

Human ingenuity however, convinced from early experience that nature, though an excellent mother, was too capricious in the diſtribution of her favours for a good politician, has invented a ſyſtem, (the beſt criterion of which is that it has ſtood the teſt of ſo many ages,) not only calculated to reſtrain the irregular ſallies of genius, but even by adſcititious knowledge, to render the moſt barren minds capable of rivalling on ſome occaſions the fertility of original imagination. Education, however differently modelled by capacities endowed with the united advantages of art and nature; however its complexion may vary in the Campus Martius at Eton, and the paved court-yard of a private academy, *originally undertaken at the particular requeſt of a few ſelect friends, by a Clergyman of unqueſtionable probity, who will pay the ſtricteſt attention to the diet, morals, clothes, and improvements of the young gentlemen committed to his care;* is in its object ſtill the ſame.

Taught by experience that a knowledge of the Belles Lettres is an univerſal recommendation, without which unpoliſhed virtue may indeed command reſpect, but can ſeldom excite eſteem, we make an advantageous exchange of the unthinking leiſure of childhood, for laying the permanent foundation of a future benefit. But though claſſical knowledge is an eſſential part of a liberal education, it by no means comprehends the whole of it; nor does it follow that a man who is totally devoid of it, may not fulfil with the greateſt propriety the ſocial as well as moral duties. It muſt be obvious to the eye of the moſt ſuperficial obſerver, that all capacities are not adapted to the ſame path of ſtudy; and on that account the idea of loading the mind indiſcriminately with what it can neither reliſh or digeſt, is ſo palpably miſconceived, as hardly to require confutation.

Yet how many Quixotic enthuſiaſts are there, who, unaccuſtomed to ſtudy mankind, otherwiſe than through the interpretation of the bigotry of the hiſtorian, the ſpleen of the ſatyriſt, or the flattering miſrepreſentations of the poet, and tinctured with the narrow prejudices of a recluſe life, ſally forth, in all the terrors of diſcipline, to undertake

undertake the charge of educating *a ſelect number?* Impreſſed with a veneration for the eſtabliſhed mode, their idea of excellence in education is of the ſame nature with that of Demoſthenes* in oratory; while true genius ſickens at the groſs ſurfeit, and fades away into determined indolence, or deſpairing ignorance: and natural dulneſs, at too low an ebb to be further depreſſed by external accidents, is crammed with a crude maſs of indigeſted learning; like a green gooſe at michaelmas, or a mathematical ignoramus before his examination. Totally unadapted for the world, the ſelf-ſufficient pedant naturally looks up to learning as the ſole end of life; and expects the ſame deference among mankind, as his preceptor has hitherto exacted for him, from his leſs laborious equals. Till ſpleened at human nature for undeceiving him, he expires a miſanthrope; or, as his utmoſt proſpect of exaltation, lives a Bentley, to feel the ſearching ſeverity of a Swift's contempt.

Let us now examine of what ſuperior efficacy is that milder ſyſtem, which endeavours more at mixing pleaſure with utility; and holds liberality

* Who on being aſked what were the three moſt eſſential qualities of an Orator, replied, "Action, Action, Action."

of ſentiment, knowledge of mankind, and unaſſuming politeneſs, not unworthy the ſtudy of a learned man. Whatever may be the eſtabliſhed practiſe of the wiſe in the great world, of dying as naked as they were born, I affirm, that nobody ever paſſed through *this world* without being the richer for it. A citizen of this republic has the peculiar advantage of preparing himſelf for his intercourſe with mankind by his own experience. Not to mention the miniature repreſentation of the paſſions and affections in their moſt lively colours, which in the courſe of this work, I have more than once touched upon; the different ſituations alſo into which chance in after-life may caſt him, are here ſubjected to his conſideration. He has here a practical opportunity of ſeparating obedience from ſervility, and tyranny from authority; nay, ſtill farther, as his happineſs hereafter in a great meaſure depends on his eſtabliſhed character here, his approaching exit requires in ſome meaſure the ſame circumſpection, which old age will call for at ſome future period of exiſtence.

The claſſics are *our* grand road to reputation; all the honorary diſtinctions of our political ſyſtem are confined to excellence in that line. But ſup-

ſuppoſing, as is frequently the caſe, we are not naturally endowed with a taſte for their elegancies, there are ſtill ſecondary purſuits ſufficient to crown with ſucceſs the different efforts by which our univerſal ambition prompts us to *be known*. Socrates, though totally unqualified for a general or a politician, was ſtill a great man; and Cæſar, though he preferred an active enjoyment of preſent good, to the purſuit of abſtracted ideas, was the ſame. But had the blind obſtinacy of a parent, or the miſtaken pedantry of a maſter, placed the one in the field of Philippi, the other in the grove at Athens, though the extent of capacity which in their preſent exalted ſituations characterizes them, might poſſibly have extricated them from the *ſcrape*, in all probability the philoſophical and political world would have wanted two excellent topics of converſation.

May we not then with juſtice conceive, that from the frequent intervention of theſe caſualties, the promiſing greatneſs of many a Cæſar has been blaſted in the bud? and if ſo, is not an attention to the bent of Genius, or rather the allowance of a ſufficient liberty for its natural luxuriance, a point to be conſidered in education?

A ſhoot when grafted on an ungenial ſtock, will fade and loſe its original beauty; whereas, when nature is conſulted by the ſkilful botaniſt, and admitted to a ſhare in an operation on which ſhe alone has the power of conferring ſucceſs, the alien plant derives additional ſtrength, from the nutritive powers of a ſap congenial to its own.

In like manner, as the human mind is every where ſtrongly analogous to the natural ſyſtem, a cricketer will, in pouring over a page of Horace, loſe the trophies which await him as hero of the Hampſhire, and bulwark of the White Conduit; and exchange the invigorating commendations of a Small, Shock White, or Lumpy, for the dull drudgery of blundering through ten long years of ſcholaſtic labour. The poet will be equally circumſtanced in the field; no innate conſciouſneſs of knowledge can conſole him for the ridicule of an unforeſeen trip; no Muſe on Parnaſſus ſecure his wicket; or Minerva, however ſerviceable ſhe might formerly have been on ſimilar occaſions, avert an all-levelling bowl from the nervous arm of his Bæotian adverſary.

C

THE MICROCOSM.

No. XXXIV.—MONDAY, *July* 2, 1787.

NEMO *in ſeſe tentat deſcendere* —JUV.
NOBODY *tries himſelf to ſcan.*—

'SIR,

'THE peculiar hardſhips of my ſitu-
'ation call loudly for your inter-
'ference. As they have hitherto
'eſcaped the notice of thoſe righters
'of wrongs, and redreſſers of grievances, your
'periodical predeceſſors, it remains with you,
'Sir, by the publiſhing of this letter, to clear
'my injured fame from the aſperſions of the ma-
'levolent; and vindicate to the world the im-
'portance of my character.

'I ſhall not detain you, Mr. Griffin, by a long 'account of my birth, parentage, and education; 'ſuffice it only to ſay, that I never received any 'education; that I am not indebted to a parent, 'for my exiſtence; but that, notwithſtanding I 'am thus defective in point of anceſtry, I boaſt a 'family of wide alliances and extenſive relati-'onſhips, and date my birth even prior to the 'creation.

'In ſhort, Sir, the perſon, who has now the ho-'nor to addreſs you, is no other than NOBODY. 'To prove what I have advanced of my large 'connexions, I am, you muſt know, allied to 'ANYBODY, nearly related to SOMEBODY, and con-'nected by the cloſeſt ties to the family of EVERY-'BODY. Beſides theſe, the various branches of 'the WHAT'SHISNAMES, the WHATYECALLUMS, 'the SUCHAONES, and the THINGUMS and 'THINGUMBOBS, come, one and all, from the 'ſame parent ſtock.

'From this account you might probably be 'led to ſuppoſe, that my ſituation is, of all others, 'the moſt enviable; that I am growing old, amid 'the careſſes of a diffuſive family; and that I am

'looked

'looked up to with wonder and veneration by the 'reſt of the world, as a being pre-exiſtent to the 'common anceſtor, and contemporary with every 'generation, of mankind. But alas, Mr. Griffin, 'very widely miſtaken would this idea be found. '—Alas, Sir, the world holds me in contempt, 'and my neareſt relations have been taught by 'their example to do the ſame. I cannot make 'ANYBODY confeſs his knowledge of me; EVERY-'BODY ſhuns the ſuſpicion of being acquainted 'with me; and SOMEBODY has long ago ſet him-'ſelf up in direct oppoſition to me; and by de-'grees attracted to his party all the inferior 'branches of the family, who find their ideas of 'ſelf-conſequence much more pleaſingly gratified 'in the relationſhip they bear to him, however 'diſtant, than in the diſgraceful conſanguinity of 'NOBODY.

'It has not been always thus. There was a 'time when the name of NOBODY was more re-'ſpected.—You cannot but know, Mr. Griffin, 'that in all places where the feudal ſyſtem ob-'tained, and even now I believe, in ſome remote 'parts of *Scotland*, it has been cuſtomary for whole 'Clans to take the name of the maſter under

'whom

'whom they held their ſeveral tenures; inſo-
'much, that it was nothing unuſual for the in-
'habitants of whole diſtricts to be diſtinguiſhable
'from each other only by the difference of their
'*prænomen*, or chriſtian name, or by ſome addi-
'tional *cognomen*, which they adopted for the pur-
'poſe of this diſtinction; ſo that had you, Sir,
'lived in thoſe days, there would have been, I
'doubt not, whole provinces peopled with a
'hopeful progeny of *Griffins*. Ah, Sir, theſe
'were times indeed. Then it was, that I, and my
'old oppoſer SOMEBODY, by mutual compact,
'ſhared the land between us, and diſtributed our
'names to our reſpective adherents. The Barons,
'to be ſure, and all principal perſons, conſidered
'themſelves as members of his family; but then
'the tenants and the bulk of the people were of
'neceſſity contented to rank under my denomi-
'nation. And ſo very inconſiderable was the
'number of his adherents, compared to that of
'mine, that he might be almoſt ſaid ſcarcely to
'have ANYBODY on his party; whilſt, compa-
'ratively ſpeaking, EVERYBODY ſided with
'me.

'There

'There were then no regular ſteps of conſe-
'quence, no intermediate gradation of ranks be-
'tween the lord and his ſlave; but while the im-
'portance of the one was ſufficiently gratified in
'the title of SOMEBODY; the other, hugging him-
'ſelf in his own inſignificancy, was fully ſatis-
'fied to herd with the multitude of NOBODIES.'

'How different is my ſituation, and how much
'leſſened is the eſtimation in which I am held in
'theſe days; while EVERYBODY is labouring
'with reſtleſs ambition to be conſidered by the
'world as SOMEBODY. It is this principle which
'enforces the young heir into expences far beyond
'the limits of his fortune, and melts the accumu-
'lation of years in the extravagance of an hour;
'that he may by his ſpirited conduct, perſuade
'the admiring world, that he is SOMEBODY. On
'what other principle does the ſpouſe of the ſub-
'ſtantial ſhop-keeper ground her arguments, in
'favor of froſting the cauliflower wig, and roll-
'ing up the round belly in a new red waiſtcoat,
'but that he may be enabled to diſplay himſelf on
'a *Sunday's* terrace, with a dreſs and a figure,
'which may ſhew him to be SOMEBODY? And
'whence that ſelf-ſufficient ſmile which
'curdles

'curdles the fat cheek of his love, but from 'a conſciouſneſs of having aſſumed, together 'with her flowered damaſk, a degree of import-'ance, which abundantly reſcues her from the diſ-'graceful appellation of a NOBODY?

'But even theſe deſertions, Sir, however diſ-'treſſing, and this contempt, however wounding, 'I might perhaps be able to endure without 'complaint; and conſole myſelf with the idea of 'their being but negative misfortunes. But who, 'Mr. Griffin, could forbear to complain of the 'malice of falſe aſperſions, and the railings of 'groundleſs abuſe? who could bear, without re-'pining, the imputation of vices, of which he 'was perfectly unconſcious; of outrages, of 'which he was wholly incapable?

'There does not paſs a day in which my name 'is not called in a hundred times, as a foil to the 'vices and imperfections of others; as thus, in 'ſpeaking of any notorious offender, "NOBODY 'is more wicked," "NOBODY more abandoned," "NOBODY will come ſooner to the gallows."— 'It is, however, ſome compenſation for this, 'you will ſay, that I am alſo made uſe of as a

'com-

'comparison for all that is good and great in any 'character.—But, alas! when you consider how 'far greater is the propensity of most people to ca-'lumny than commendation, you will readily own, 'that the being coupled once or twice with the 'name of a great or a good man, is but a slender 'consolation, for being daily associated with the 'name of every thing that is rascally and vil-'lainous under the sun.

'It cannot, I think, have escaped your observa-'tion, how often in common life, a suspicion of 'being an acquaintance of mine, has been preju-'dicial to many an innocent and well-meaning per-'son; and has served as an excuse for treating 'him with the utmost incivility; a hint, that 'such a person was a fellow "who spoke to No-"BODY," or a "creature that NOBODY knew," has 'been a cause sufficient to subject him to the most 'mortifying rudeness and contempt. But I shall 'pass over the consideration of this, and a multi-'tude of other circumstances of the same nature: 'nor shall I stop to make a single observation on 'that unaccountable malignity with which man-'kind are taught to persecute me in proverbs, and 'most maliciously to pronounce that wind "*An* "*ill wind, which blows* NOBODY *good.*"—But

'I

'I shall proceed without delay to shew the in-
'justice and wickedness of mankind, in laying to
'my charge several enormities which it is actu-
'ally out of my power to perform. The first in-
'stance which occurs to my memory is one of
'very great antiquity, of which, you, Mr. Griffin,
'have in a former paper very properly taken the
'notice it deserved, for which I thank you. I al-
'lude to the paltry contrivance of *Ulysses*, who, to
'shield himself and his party from the resentment
'of *Polypheme*, for the extinction of his eyes, had
'the address to persuade that simple shepherd swain,
'that it was one Οὖδεις (meaning me, Sir,) who was
'perpetrator of the bloody deed. Of this accusation
'you have already had the goodness to acquit me
'to the world. But it were endless to dwell on
'every particular circumstance which has been laid
'hold of, to fully my fair fame with malevolent
'aspersions. I should detain you too long, were I
'to enumerate the many atrocious house-breakings
'of which a confirmed suspicion is said to have
'fallen on NOBODY; the many midnight murders
'at which NOBODY was thought to have been pre-
'sent; or (to descend to less heinous offences)
'the many strayed tea-spoons and broken china
'basons, the guilt of which a favourite lap-dog,

'a

'a cat, or a fine family of little ones have been 'lucky enough to throw off their own ſhoulders 'on thoſe of NOBODY. I myſelf was not a little 'diſpleaſed the other day, to hear an old gentle-'man (who by the bye, has one ſon of two-and-'twenty, and ſeveral head of younger children, 'living in the houſe with him) complain, in the 'double capacity of maſter of a family, and juſ-'tice of the peace, that he had at that time a pier 'glaſs ſhattered to pieces, an arm broken off his 'mahogany eaſy chair, and a houſemaid *in the* '*Straw*, for all which circumſtances he was, as 'far as he could learn, indebted to the kind offi-'ciouſneſs of NOBODY.

'Now, Mr. Griffin, I have laid my misfortunes 'before you in a manner that I think cannot fail 'to excite your compaſſion. With you it re-'mains to mediate between me and the public— 'and by explaining my caſe to them, to confer on 'me a laſting favour and benefit, and lay a ſtrong 'claim to the gratitude of,

'Sir,

'Your ſincere admirer,

'And moſt humble Petitioner,

'NOBODY.

P. S

'P. S. One thing, Sir, I forgot to mention, 'while I was upon the subject of the mischiefs 'laid to my charge, which is, that even my most 'violent accusers have always the justice to own, 'that if NOBODY does perform all these ex-'ploits, they fully expect NOBODY to make them 'reparation."

THE

MICROCOSM.

No. XXXV.—MONDAY, *July* 9, 1787.

Sed turpem putat in ſcriptis, metuitque lituram.
——— I but forgot,
The laſt and greateſt art, the art to blot.———

THERE are few inſtances of imperfection more mortifying to human pride, than thoſe incidental ones, which occur in the moſt illuſtrious and diſtinguiſhed characters. The traces of occaſional overſight are moſt frequently diſcovered in thoſe figures, whoſe outlines have been daſhed with a gigantic ſublimity; of the maſterpieces of the moſt celebrated painters few will remain, which

which we can declare faultleſs; after thoſe are excepted, in which ſome trivial overſight has been diſcovered, and publiſhed with all the efforts of induſtrious petulance. The errors of *Hannibal* and *Charles the 12th* are ſuch, as an inferior genius would have been preſerved from, by the mere frigidity of cautious conſideration; however ſuperior the noble daring of a great mind, may be to that cold and faultleſs mediocrity which is approved without admiration. Though the puns of *Paradiſe Loſt*, the incidental nodding of the *Iliad*, and the *parties quarrées* in *Somerſet* place, vaniſh before the collected ſplendor of the whole deſign; they muſt be regarded as infinitely more mortifying, than a ſeries of continued dullneſs, or a collection of united deformity.

In ſuch a train of reflections I was interrupted, by an unexpected ſummons from my Editor; who informed me, that a ſtranger, of a very extraordinary appearance, had of late made very frequent enquiries for me; and was now at his houſe, waiting my arrival with conſiderable impatience. As I am not by nature either incurious, or diſcourteous, I followed my Editor; who, after a walk of about a quarter of an hour, introduced me to a little

little parlour, and a little elderly man, with a very ſerious countenance, and exceeding foul linen. After ſmoothing his approaches to my acquaintance by ſome introductory compliments, he informed me, as indeed I might have gueſſed, 'that he was 'by profeſſion an Author; that he had been for 'many years a literary projector; that, owing to 'a kind of fatality, which had hitherto attended 'his attempts, and a firm reſolution on his own 'ſide never to indulge the trivial taſte of an ill-'judging age, in which it was his misfortune to 'be born,—but he would not trouble me with a 'detail of the open Hoſtilities committed on his 'works by avowed criticiſm, or the more ſecret 'and dangerous attempts of tacit malevolence, 'and pretended contempt,—that he had lately hit 'upon a project, which by its nature muſt ſecure 'to itſelf the attention of the public, and which, 'if he had not formed a very wrong eſtimate of 'its merit, would draw his former efforts from, 'the duſt of unmerited oblivion, into general no-'tice, and univerſal approbation.

'It could not have eſcaped an exact obſerver, 'and ſuch a one he might, without hazarding the 'imputation of flattery, pronounce Mr. *Griffin*, (whereupon

(whereupon Mr. Griffin bowed) 'that the repu-
'tation of our great Tragic poet was ſinking a-
'pace; and that, not ſo much from any radical or
'intrinſic defect in his writings, as from ſome ve-
'nial errors, and incidental omiſſions. Our more
'refined neighbours had never been able to reliſh
'the low humour which pervades every ſcene, or
'the frequent violation of thoſe unities, which
'they obſerve with ſo religious a regard. Mr. *Vol-*
taire, with that philoſophic candour which ſo
'ſtrongly characterized his life and writings, had
'abandoned his defence; and, though in ſome in-
'ſtances he had deigned to borrow from him, had
'condemned him as the poet of a barbarous age,
'and the favourite of an unenlightened people.
'Even among a national audience, the moſt ad-
'mired of his dramas were received at leaſt with-
'out that enthuſiaſtic applauſe, they had for-
'merly excited; and we muſt expect, that, in ano-
'ther century, the partiality for our favourite po-
'et will vaniſh, together with our national anti-
'pathies againſt popery and wooden ſhoes, and
'frogs and ſlavery; and that a taſte for *French*
'criticiſm will immediately follow a reliſh for
'their cookery.

'Something

'Something must be done, Mr. *Griffin*, and that 'shortly. The commentators have done little or 'nothing. Indeed what could be expected from 'such a plan? Could any thing be more ridicu-'lous? They have absolutely confined themselves 'to what *Shakespeare* might possibly have written! 'I am fully sensible that the task of reducing to 'poetic rules, and critical exactness, what was 'written in ignorance or contempt of both, re-'quires a genius and ability little inferior to that 'of the original composer; yet this is my pro-'ject; which, however arduous in the under-'taking, however difficult in execution, I am 'persuaded to attempt; and to whom can I with 'greater propriety————Mr. Griffin, who 'himself————so early an age———— 'in so extraordinary a manner———— &c. &c.'

My friend continued, by remarking, 'that the 'people of *Athens* allowed to the judicious critic, 'who should adapt a Tragedy of *Æschylus* to the 'stage, an equal proportion of credit and copy-'money, with the author of an original Drama. 'Yet he desired me to observe, that the author of '*Græcian* tragedy was far more strictly observant 'of poetic discipline, than the father of the *En-*

'*glish*

'*gliſh* Stage. In all *his* tragedies, there is only 'one, in which he has ventured to break the unity 'of place; an eſſential point, and, as my friend 'declared, highly neceſſary; though it is very 'natural for the ſpectator to miſtake the ſtage for 'a palace, actreſſes for virgin princeſſes, &c. yet 'it is impoſſible for him to imagine that he is in '*Bohemia*, when, but the act before he was fully 'convinced that he was in *Sicily*.'

He at length concluded by drawing out of a tin box ſome "*propoſals for publication*," which he deſired might be communicated to the public through the medium of my paper; at the ſame time preſenting me with a very copious ſpecimen of the work he had undertaken. He reflected on the honour of ſuch a diſtinction, 'but he was natu-'rally partial to riſing merit; and *Gregory Griffin* 'might ſee a period when he himſelf ſhould exiſt 'only in his writings.'

In the courſe of converſation, my new acquaintance became extremely communicative; deſired my opinion of a preface and dedication, and whether he ſhould prefix it to an improved edition of *Sleidan de quatuor imperiis*, or *Girton's Complete*

Complete Pigeon Fancier; but upon recollection, reſolved upon an *Ode* which he had lately compoſed *On the uſe of acorns in conſumptive caſes.*

Having occaſion in the courſe of converſation to remark the number of claſſical ſcholars produced in our public ſeminaries, and the comparative paucity of thoſe who have directed their attention to the cultivation of their native language, my friend regarded the cauſe as extremely evident; 'there were ſeveral aſſiſtances 'which the claſſical compoſer enjoyed, which— 'but all theſe difficulties I ſhould ſee obviated in 'his *New Dictionary of Rhimes*; it was a work, 'which had coſt him conſiderable labour and 'ſtudy. Thoſe of his predeceſſors,——*Byſshe*, '*Gent*, and others, were mere farragos, in which 'the ſound only was conſulted, without any 'nicety of taſte or accuracy of ſelection. This 'chaos, this rude and undigeſted maſs, he had re-'duced to order, by ſelecting the rhimes proper 'for every poſſible ſubject; and reducing them to 'ſyſtematical arrangement. However, as this 'ſcheme muſt be unavoidably retarded by the 'proſecution of his former project, he ſhould be 'peculiarly happy to ſee his ſyſtem familiarly ex-

'plained and illuſtrated in ſome of my future lu-'cubrations.' This requeſt, from an earneſt deſire I entertained of aſſiſting young practitioners in the pleaſing art of poetry, I immediately complied with; however, as I did not fully comprehend his ſyſtem, I took the liberty of tranſcribing the following paſſages from my author's manuſcript.

"For the eclogue, or paſtoral dialogue, let "the ſtudent conclude his lines with the rhimes "underwritten; always taking care to finiſh his "ſenſe with the ſecond rhime, and at no time to "ſuffer his verſe to exceed the juſt meaſure of ten "ſyllables. The rhimes for this purpoſe be "theſe

——————" *ſhady brake*
——————" *Licidas awake,*
——————" *careleſs rove*
——————" *leafy grove.*
——————" *fruitful field*
——————" *harveſt yield.*
——————" *tuneful meaſures,*
——————" *harmleſs pleaſures.*
——————" *nymphs and ſwains,*
——————" *flowery plains.*
" &c.

" Should

"Should our ſtudent turn his thoughts to "panegyric, we would adviſe that he adhere to "the endings we have here preſcribed, as

"*The muſe*
"*A tributary——refuſe*
"*good and great*
"*ordained by fate*
"*noble line*
"*race divine*
"*great——heir*
"*peculiar care*
"&c.

"If the practitioner ſhould perchance be poſ- "ſeſſed of a great fund of humour, and be in- "clined to employ his wicked wit in ridiculing "the clergy, we would admoniſh him to adhere "to the following terminations, in order as they "are appointed, being careful only to confine "his lines to eight ſyllables.

——————"*muſty*
——————"*ruſty*
——————"*colledge*
——————"*knowledge*
——————"*Farce on*
——————"*Parſon*

——— ——— " *vicar*
——— ——— " *liquor*
——— ——— " *eaſe*
——— ——— " *fees*
——— ——— " *fire*
——— ——— " *ſquire*
——— ——— " *tale*
——— ——— " *ale*
——— ——— " *ſpouſe*
——— ——— " *carouſe*
——— ——— " *breed*
——— ——— " *feed.*"

Should the public approve of this ſpecimen of my friend's abilities, I may perhaps in ſome future paper preſent them with a ſample of his projected publication.

D

THE MICROCOSM.

No. XXXVI.—MONDAY, *July* 16, 1787.

——*Neglectum adhibere clientem.*—JUV.

A long neglected client to admit.——DRYDEN.

I Feel myself so much obliged by the continued notice of my correspondents, that I should consider myself as highly ungrateful, if I did not sometimes leave wholly to them the weekly entertainment of my readers.

Ἡδὲ τρίτηγε καὶ ΜΕΣΗ τῶν εἰρημένων δυοῖν Ἁρμονιων ἡν ΚΟΙΝΗΝ καλῶ σπανειτε κυρίᾳ καὶ ΚΡΕΙΤΤΟΝΟΣ Ὀνόματος, σχῆμα μέν ἴδιον οὐδὲν ἔχει, κεκράλαι δέ πως ἐξ ἐκείνων μετρίως. ΚΑΙ ΕΣΤΙΝ ΕΚΛΟΓΗ ΤΙΣ ΤΩΝ ΕΝ ἙΚΑΤΕΡΑ ΚΡΑΤΙΣΤΩΝ ΔΙΟΝΥΣ: Περι ΣΥΝΘ: Τμ: κδ.

"But this third, and MIDDLE of the two "ſtyles already mentioned, which from want of a "better name I call the *common*, has no peculiar "dreſs of its own; but is compoſed equally of "both the other, and is, as it were, *a ſelection of* "*the beauties of each.*"

'TO GREGORY GRIFFIN, ESQ.

'SIR,

'As being commendably and 'ſucceſsfully engaged in the ſame track, perhaps 'you will accept this VINDICATION of an il-'luſtrious predeceſſor, in the province of a pe-'riodical eſſayiſt; the inventor of that happy mode 'of imparting knowledge, of cultivating taſte, 'and of recommending virtue

'I

'I therefore make uſe of the medium of your 'paper to entreat the public clemency in favor of 'an author, who, though more than paſſable for 'his day, is in danger of being abſolutely eclipſed 'by the tranſcendent radiance of theſe modern 'luminaries; or, to ſpeak with antiquated ſim-'plicity, whoſe ſuppoſed purity of ſtyle is falling 'into contempt, from a compariſon with the per-'fect models exhibited by the Johnſonian School, '—though of that ſchool the more characteriſtic 'merit perhaps be "*turgid Eloquence*," expreſſed 'in a ſtyle which no inferior genius could har-'monize with *ſuch* eloquence; "*a ſtyle refined to a* "*degree of immaculate Purity*." You ſee, Sir, that 'when deviating into the ſilly plainneſs of the un-'poliſhed days of ANN, I exalt my phraſe and 'reinforce my ſtyle by calling in auxiliaries of a 'nobler port and gigantic elevation; auxiliaries, 'who, by the union of incompatible qualities may 'conſiſtently be accounted potent beyond the 'limits of poſſibility. But 'till a perfect uni-'formity of ſtyle be eſtabliſhed among men, 'till 'the "*want of a conſecutive ſeries of ſenſes in their* "*nature collateral, when the radical idea branches* "*into parallel ramifications*" ſhall be tunefully la-'mented by the maidens, and ſignificantly recited

'by the lisping babes, the rude and the ignorant,
'in their advancement to an happier cultivation,
'may be permitted to indulge themselves with an
'occasional page of ADDISON. It is indeed for
'this unfortunate writer, that I dare to plead;
'notwithstanding he is convicted of two such
'faults in style, (if one be not rather of the sen-
'timent,) as would render any one who has
'written so long since, and upon such subjects,
'utterly unworthy to be read:—"*feebleness and*
"*inanity.*" I will not say, that to those who walk
'on stilts a natural walk may appear a feeble one;
'or that where there is nothing gross, nothing
'crouded, nothing out of its place, the medium
'pure, the object of aerial brightness, it may be
'lost to some in the simplicity of it's own light;
'like the sky of a summer's evening, without
'clouds or mist. I will not say this, because it
'must occur to critics who are so accomplished,
'as to see ADDISON so far beneath them. But I
'must say something respecting the "MIDDLE
"STYLE" of which he is ironically accused.
'For the formidable censor, *ex Cathedrâ*, thus
'pronounces, "*I am not willing to deprive him*
"*of the Honor implied in Johnson's Testimony, that*
"his prose is the model of the Middle Style; *but*
"*if*

" *if he be but a* MEDIOCRIST, *he is surely not a ſub-*
" *ject of imitation; it being a rule, that of examples*
" *the beſt are always to be ſelected.*"

'Now here I muſt move in ARREST of 'JUDGEMENT, "*for that in the record there is* " *manifeſt error*," and ſhall contend, with certainty 'of ſucceſs, that, upon the face of the in-'dictment, *no crime is charged;* that he is perhaps 'the only inſtance in our virtuous days, of a 'perſon indicted and convicted of a virtue. But " *the* MIDDLE *ſtyle*," is firſt taken as ſyno-'nimous with " *the middling one*," and *that* being 'equivalent to *indifferent*, *low*, *vulgar*, &c. 'ADDISON is concluded to have been thus an 'author of the MIDDLE STYLE. But, Sir, the 'word is a word of good fame and honorable 'eſtimation.—It ſhall not, like the innocent 'Quaker, be brought under the diſgrace of 'proſtitution, becauſe another word of very dif-'ferent character appears habited like it.

'If I were to call my witneſſes to its reputation, 'I could fill the Court with the firſt literary wor-'thies, from ARISTOTLE, to HARRIS of SALIS-'BURY. *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus*, *Longinus*, *Her-*

'*mogenes*, *Quintilian*, *Cicero* himſelf, at once the 'Commender and the great Example—are per-'petual in its praiſe. The ΜΕΣΗ, the ΚΟΙΝΗ Λεξις 'the *æquabile et temperatum dicendi Genus*, has *Ho-'mer*, *Iſocrates* in his beſt productions, *Demoſthenes* 'in parts of his moſt finiſhed compoſitions; *Plato* 'in a variety of beautiful inſtances; *Xenophon* in 'his General Character; *Virgil* and *Livy*, for it's 'examples; it is placed in Literature as the 'GOLDEN MEAN in ETHICS; the VIRTUE be-'tween the *extremes* of the *auſtere* and the luxu-'riant. The SONS of ETON, thoſe who have 'been formed by a BARNARD or a FOSTER; 'thoſe who now liſten to a DAVIES,—have this 'Evidence already in their breaſts. But, Sir, 'I call no witneſſes: I am not moving for a New 'Trial upon a *Verdict by Miſdirection and againſt* '*Evidence*—though upon that I muſt proceed, if 'this were denied me:—But I plead in ARREST 'of JUDGEMENT; that there is *no Crime on the* '*Record*. That the *legal* ſenſe of the MIDDLE 'STYLE is perfectly aſcertained in the COURTS 'OF CRITICISM; and were it neceſſary to cite a 'written authority in affirmance of the common 'Law of good ſenſe and taſte in ſo clear a caſe, I 'would cite one which would be acknowledged

'by

'by the Judge, who has pronounced this ſentence, 'to be equal to an ACT OF PARLIAMENT; 'though it be but an Ordinance or a PROCLAMA-'TION of the late literary MONARCH.—The 'words of JOHNSON himſelf deciding on ADDI-'SON. "*His Proſe is the Model of the* MIDDLE "STYLE." "*On grave ſubjects not formal; on* "*light occaſions not groveling; pure without ſcru-*"*puloſity, and exact without apparent elaboration.* "*Always equable, and always eaſy: Without glow-*"*ing words or pointed ſentences.* ADDISON *never* "*deviates from his track to ſnatch a Grace; he* "*ſeeks no ambitious ornaments, and tries no hazard-*"*ous innovations. His page is always luminous;* "*but never blazes with unexpected ſplendor;—if his* "*language had been leſs idiomatical* (this is his adop-" tion of vulgar phraſe) *it would have loſt ſomething* "*of its genuine Angliciſm.* HE IS NEVER FEEBLE; "*and he did not wiſh to be energetic: he is never* "*rapid and he never ſtagnates. His ſentences* "*have neither ſtudied amplitude, nor affected bre-*"*vity. His periods, though not diligently rounded, are* "*voluble and eaſy. Whoever wiſhes to attain an* "ENGLISH STYLE, *muſt give his days and nights* "*to the Volumes of* ADDISON."

This

'This is the MIDDLE STYLE, for which Addison is to be condemned, in the sense of the very Author from whom Censure is inferred; supposed latent in the use of this expression. This the feebleness! and were I to speak to the *inanity* imputed, I might cite the fine passage, which precedes that which I have transcribed, and in which ADDISON is deservedly honoured as a Teacher of Moral Wisdom, of Rational Religion, in every interesting, every engaging Form, which attractive Fiction can lend, or the simple Elegance of Truth, present. Of the true, the graceful, and the virtuously conciliating in domestic life, he was not less a Teacher; with a persuasive ease, a delicacy, a pathetic mildness whose influence can never be entirely without effect on the heart of any of his readers. I would appeal to his VISIONS of MIRZA; to his *Allegory* on the origin of the connection between PAIN and PLEASURE extended to a noble conclusion from the idea hinted by *Socrates;* to his Essay on RELIGION and on PRAYER, for the higher instances; to his character of *Ruricola* and the *Cornelii*; to the serious and sentimental part of his inimitable portrait of the good *Old Knight;* and a variety of his other compositions, adapted to

'all

'all the ſocial offices between individuals, for the 'reſt. Nor, as a Critic, can he ever be meanly 'valued: whether we regard his merit of intro- 'ducing MILTON to popular notice, more exten- 'ſively than would otherwiſe have been effected 'even by the approbation of SOMMERS; or his 'Eſſays on the PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION, to 'which modern refinement of inveſtigation may 'yet find itſelf much obliged, and modern ele- 'gance of ſtyle may be challenged to no eaſy 'Competition. I might appeal again to JOHN- 'SON; but to vouch external teſtimony in proof 'of ſuch excellence, borders on the charge of ri- 'diculous anxiety,—it is

"*To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,*
"*To throw a perfume on the Violet.*"

'For one hint, as it is given by JOHNSON, I ſhall 'make no apology. "ADDISON *is now deſpiſed* "*by ſome, who perhaps never would have ſeen his de-* '*fects, but by the light he afforded them.*" Yet I hope 'it is by ſome only, and that many retain their 'veneration to a name to which our language, our 'taſte, our manners are ſingularly indebted; and 'who, firſt of our Engliſh writers, preſented vir-

'tue

'tue to our view, introduced by chearfulneſs, and 'attended by the graces.

'I am,

'Sir,

'Your's moſt reſpectfully,

'An ETONIAN.

'TO G. GRIFFIN, ESQ.

Saltantem ſpectes, & chironomonta volanti
Cultello——————————
——————*Nec minimo ſanè diſcrimine refert,*
Quo geſtu lepores, & quo gallina ſecetur.
——————JUVEN. Sat. 5.

The carver dancing round each diſh ſurveys,
With flying knife, and as his art directs
With proper geſtures every fowl diſſects;
A thing of ſo great moment to their taſte,
That one falſe ſlip had ſurely marr'd the feaſt.
——————DRYDEN.

'DEAR SIR,

'WARM as I have ever been in my admi-'ration of your excellent work, there was a ſen-'timent in a late paper of your's, which ſtruck me

'more

'more forcibly than any I had ever ſeen, as more 'perfectly according with my own ideas. "There "is nothing" you ſay, "however inconſiderable, "from which morality may not be derived." 'This, Sir, is an opinion, to which from my 'childhood I have been particularly attached. 'If the ſtories of my nurſe may be believed, I have 'often appeared totally wrapped up in reflections 'on my rattle, and ſat whole hours in profound 'meditation on a ſaucepan of pap.

'An ingenious friend of mine, whoſe opinions 'are remarkably congenial with my own, who 'exerciſes the laudable profeſſion of a taylor, called 'upon me a few days ago with a bundle of papers 'in his hand; which he informed me were tracts, 'poems, diſſertations, tragedies, &c. of his own 'compoſition. I own I was at firſt preparing to re-'buke my friend for quitting the more honourable 'employment of cutting out coats and breeches, 'for that of ſtitching together a parcel of rhimes, 'or *cabbaging* materials for a diſſertation. In ſhort 'I began ſeriouſly to expoſtulate with him on his 'temerity, and to recall his exertions from the pen 'to the needle. My good friend, ſmiling with a 'look of compaſſion for my ignorance, informed

'me

'me, "that theſe two inſtruments mutually aſ-
"ſiſted each other; that the ſame pieces of cloth
"furniſhed him with materials for a new coat, and
"a new compoſition; and, that in ſhort, he ſtitched
"as an author, and wrote as a taylor." I was a
'good deal ſurpriſed at this account, till upon
'looking over my friend's manuſcripts, I found
'among many others, the following titles; "*A*
"*treatiſe on ſewing, with a compariſon between a*
"*pair of ſheers and a Lord Chancellor.*" "*Tayloring*
"*conſidered in a moral and philoſophical light.*"
"*The plot diſcovered, or* HELL *in an uproar,*"
"a Tragedy. "*View of men and manners, as taken*
"*from a taylor's board.*" "*Directions for cutting*
"*out,*" a Didactic poem; and a variety of others
'of the ſame nature. What a bleſſing, Mr. Grif-
'fin, would it be for this country, if every body
'would imitate the example of this gentleman;
'and make either their pleaſures, or their buſineſs,
'ſubſervient to nobler purſuits. We might then
'expect a generation of poetical green-grocers,
'metaphyſical cork-cutters, and philoſophical
'tallow-chandlers. We ſhould then all be like
'the gameſter, who to the ſurpriſe of a large
'congregation, brought into church a pack of
'cards inſtead of a prayer book; and on being

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'reprimanded, proved, that the cards, in the light 'he conſidered them, anſwered every purpoſe of 'the liturgy. For if the haberdaſher, when 'rolling up his ſmall wares, would conſider them 'in an aſtronomical view, and the cheeſe-monger, 'when ſurrounded by *Stilton and double Glouceſter*, 'regard his goods as ſubjects for philoſophy; 'there would be nothing wanting to render the 'former a *Newton* and the latter a *Socrates*.

'For my own part, Sir, I have not the happineſs of exerciſing any of the trades in queſtion, 'and therefore cannot myſelf apply them to the 'purpoſes of morality. But you muſt know, Sir, 'the chief delight of my life is——*good eating*; 'nor am I aſhamed to own myſelf a GLUTTON; 'ſince I can at the ſame time boaſt that I am a moralizing one. As I ſwallow with remarkable 'expedition, I have uſually done dinner before 'the reſt of the company; and in order to fill up 'the vacant time, amuſe myſelf with obſerving 'the manœuvres of ſome one who ſtill continues 'eating. An inexperienced perſon can have no 'idea of the fund of knowledge and improvement 'which ſuch ſpeculation affords; nor can they at 'all conceive the many uſeful leſſons and rules for

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'my future conduct, which I collect, merely from 'obſerving the knife and fork ranging from one 'part of the plate to the other; induſtriouſly col- 'lecting the different ſubſtances, and piling up the 'fat on the meat, the ſallad on the fat, the gravy 'on the ſallad, and the ſalt on the gravy. When I 'ſee this delicious pyramid deſcend the throat, it 'reminds me of a poet, who heaps tropes upon 'epiſodes, ſimilies upon tropes, and cataſtrophes 'on ſimilies; and at laſt ſees the whole fabric de- 'ſtroyed by the tooth of the Critic. If the un- 'faithful fork happens to let go his cargo, 'juſt as the mouth is opening for its prey, 'what a melancholy picture does this accident 'preſent, of the uncertainty and viciſſitude of 'all human affairs! How ſtrongly does it bring 'to my mind that trite but excellent maxim, of 'πολλα μεταξυ πελει κυλικος και χειλεος ακρυ, "many things happen between the cup and the "lip?" By this means, Mr. Griffin, you per- 'ceive that my fondneſs for eating is of eminent 'advantage to my mind and morals; ſince the 'ſame ingredients afford wholeſome food to my 'ſtomach, and wholeſome reflections to my 'heart.

'If

'If this letter ſhould meet with a favourable 'reception, I will, in a ſhort time, ſend you a 'very elaborate diſſertation on carving, which 'was compoſed "*interciſivo tempore*," that is, be-'tween the firſt and ſecond courſe.

'I remain,

'Your moſt devoted Servant,

'Σοφος Πολυφαγος.'

NOTES to CORRESPONDENTS.

Semicolon is received---I will venture to give *Quintus* the piece of advice which Horace gave to his nameſake, *ne percunctèris*.

THE MICROCOSM.

No. XXXVII.—MONDAY, *July* 23, 1787.

O! curas hominum! O! quantum eſt in rebus inane.
PERSIUS.

How anxious are our cares, and yet how vain.
DRYDEN.

WHEN Philoſophy, affecting to exclaim thus on the vanity of human purſuits and knowledge, and the emptineſs of human glory, ſings the praiſes of retirement and ſecluſion from ſociety, I cannot ſuppreſs the ſmile which ariſes at the mock ſolemnity of the declaration; and have ſufficient ill-nature to ſuſpect, that the ſentiment has been dictated by that very vanity, which it ſeemingly deſpiſes. I believe that none are found to be more warmly attached

attached to that perifhable frailty (as they call it) fame, than thofe who outwardly neglect it.—They may do it with fafety;—by the fingularity of affecting to depreciate what others value fo highly, they are certain of attracting the attention of mankind. If thefe men are fincere and fpeak the real fentiments of their hearts, let them not be difturbed in their favourite retirement; their opinions are harmlefs, and will have but little influence on the world at large. But let them extend to others that toleration, which is granted to themfelves. If their quiet is not envied by the great, let them not impede the more active purfuit of others; if their cottage is left untouched, they fhould not attempt to deftroy the palace which another is rearing; they may reft aflured the world will not moleft them, if they do not moleft the world; in fpite of their outcries men will follow their different purfuits with the fame ardor, and by endeavoring to deter them, they only betray their own impotence. The truth is, that in the great maze of life each may purfue his own path without fear of interrupting his neighbour; the roads are numerous, and broad enough for us to pafs without crouding each other. As each man has his particular turn, his favourite

favourite purſuit, he may follow it. I only wiſh he would not abuſe his neighbour for chuſing a different track. There is nothing more common, at the ſame time nothing more abſurd, or a more infallible mark of a narrow underſtanding, than to condemn every purſuit but your own, and depreciate every ſtudy in compariſon with ſome beloved object; ſurely the diſpoſition, which refuſes to mix with any but that of a ſimilar texture, is not only uncharitable and unſociable, but ridiculous.

Every man muſt be a competent judge of what is moſt conſonant to his own inclinations; and as every man muſt undoubtedly wiſh for happineſs, it follows, that he will purſue the means which he thinks the moſt likely to attain it. The philoſopher and the active man in their different purſuits muſt each feel a pleaſure, which the other is incapable of taſting. The contented ſoul of the one ſhrinks from the dangers and the tempeſts to which ambition is expoſed; and the turbulent ſpirit of the other ſickens at the thought of a calm, wherein all his powers are rendered uſeleſs and inert.

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The queſtion is now reduced to this point, "Of the different means by which we purſue "happineſs, which is the moſt likely to gain "its end?" I muſt here obſerve, that as things are generally in extremes, both the active and inactive have puſhed their opinions too far; if the one has too much phlegm the other has too much fire; and as all extremes deſtroy themſelves by too eager a purſuit of a favourite object, we often miſs our aim. The man who in chaſe of pleaſure, plunges into the exceſſes of debauchery, or he who in the rigour of his morality, obſtinately rejects all pleaſures, and moroſely ſecludes himſelf from ſociety, leſt he ſhould be contaminated, have in the eye of wiſdom equally been miſled. Him who conſiders fame as not worth poſſeſſing, or him who reſts his whole happineſs on the gaze of the multitude, ſuch, as having entirely miſtaken their ends, I exclude from the queſtion, as wiſhing to confine it to thoſe, who purſue their inclinations with moderation, and found them on rational principles. On the firſt view the retired man ſeems to proceed on the ſurer grounds. His happineſs depends upon himſelf alone; his reſources are contained within himſelf, and conſequently are not expoſed to the viciſſitudes, which

which a man of the world muſt inevitably experience. The latter is liable to have his ſchemes thwarted, and projects defeated, by thoſe whoſe intereſts claſh with his. His ill fortune, the treachery of a friend, or the ingratitude of his country, may deprive him of the reward of his labours, and leave him deſtitute in the evening of his days, when his powers are exhauſted, and he is no longer able to cope with the difficulties which furround him.

This is all ſpecious, perhaps true: But let us take the reverſe of the ſcene.—The calm contented happineſs which is to roll for years, "*in the noiſeleſs tenor of its way*" is, I believe to be found only in the raptures of poetry, what is *called* philoſophy, and enthuſiaſm. For the firſt, fiction is its peculiar province; for the ſecond, it is an *Utopian* ſcheme, which has never been realized; and who regards the mad reveries of an enthuſiaſtic viſionary? This calm half-animated exiſtence pleaſes from novelty in ſpeculation: The man who has been toſt in a tempeſt, is delighted for a time with the tranquillity of a calm; but who wiſhes to ſtagnate in a calm for ever? the ſame revolution of the ſame objects in eternal

eternal ſucceſſion, without change or variety, muſt fatigue at laſt; our ſtock of ideas in ſuch a ſituation are ſoon exhauſted; the mind ceaſes to dwell with delight on objects, (tho' beautiful in themſelves) which ſhe has ſo often contemplated, and with whoſe perfections ſhe is minutely acquainted. She is convinced of the truth of the inference ſhe has drawn from thoſe objects; and as ſhe has viewed them in every light they are capable of being viewed in, can we wonder that ſhe wiſhes for a change? Have we never examined a beautiful proſpect till our ſight is ſatiated, and our curioſity exhauſted? The mind in retirement loſes much of its elaſticity, by wanting that ſtimulus, which the hopes and fears of a buſy life continually ſupply. It is variety, ſo entirely loſt in retirement, which gives us freſh ſpirits to proceed; and which ſerves as a ſpur to awaken us from ſatiety and langour.

"*Never leſs alone than when alone*" is the ſplendid ſentiment of a *Roman* Hero, and has been the univerſal motto of the advocates of retirement. It is a noble ſentiment, and worthy of the great man from whom it fell. But it ſhould be remembered, that this truly illuſ

trious hero was not the mere recluſe. *Scipio* was eminent amongſt the moſt eminent, univerſally acknowledged a Stateſman, General, Scholar, and Philoſopher; by a felicity rarely attained he blended the oppoſite qualities of an active life, and a philoſophic eaſe. Perhaps after all this altercation, the diſpute, like moſt others of the ſame kind, muſt be ſettled by a compoſition; and the man who like *Scipio* can unite ſuch oppoſite virtues, is the character we ought to imitate.

If the world was entirely filled with the buſtling and ambitious, ſuch would be the tumult, that anarchy and confuſion muſt inevitably prevail; if with philoſophers only, life would ſtagnate, and its ſcenes be rendered inſipid. At preſent they are as a mutual check on each other, by which the proper balance is kept between them; the reproof of the one reſtrains the licentiouſneſs into which the other, unleſs ſo curbed, might be apt to fall; and the ſupercilious pride, which philoſophy is apt to indulge againſt thoſe who are not of her ſect, is checked by the contempt that pride is ſure to meet with from the oppoſite and far more numerous party.—*Cowley*, who had tried the promiſed felicity of retirement, regretted the loſs of that

that ſociety which he had voluntarily abandoned.

To regulate but not ſuppreſs the efforts of ambition, is a taſk worthy of true philoſophy; but ſurely to obſtruct the growth of knowledge, by inculcating "that all knowledge is vanity," is not ſo laudable an undertaking. This at once ſtrikes at the root of all deſire to exert that mental ſuperiority, which is the attribute of men alone. If we are prepoſſeſſed with this notion, who will ſacrifice his health, and wear out his abilities in purſuit of that whoſe end is vanity? For who is willing to labour in vain, or to ſow where he has no proſpect of reaping? I cannot be perſuaded that the deſire of knowledge, which is ſo univerſally prevalent in man, could be implanted in us only to torment us; only to convince us, that after years of fruitleſs toil, that toil might have been ſpared, as no advantage could be derived from it. Thoſe who attend only to the minutiæ of ſcience, may with reaſon be reproved, as directing their attention to trifles, whilſt they leave the more important parts unexamined; but ſurely the diſcoveries of *Newton*, or the eſſays of *Locke* are not to be conſidered as the effuſions of igno-

rance under the diſguiſe of knowledge? Has man been declared the lord of this lower world, has he been endowed with all his various faculties, and has nature implanted in him his various paſſions, that he may be the laughing ſtock of ſuperior beings? Is it not his duty, rather, as being placed here in a ſtate of probation, to exert, not to bury his talents? To me at leaſt it is plain, that ſuch would be the wiſh of every rational being.

It is no eaſy taſk to trace theſe pretended philoſophers through the different links which connect their ſyſtem. Even *Socrates* himſelf, wiſe and good as he was, is not entirely free from the fault which infected his brethren. The confeſſion "that the ſummit of his knowledge was, "that he knew nothing," was the effect of vanity, conceal'd under the maſk of pretended humility. "I don't know how it is," ſaid *Phryne*, "theſe "men may talk of their wiſdom and their tem- "perance, but they knock at my door as often as "other men." The exemption from the paſſions other men are ſubject to, which they claim as the privilege of their ſect, was ſurely only an empty boaſt. What *Tacitus* ſaid of *Auguſtus* refuſing the empeire,

empire, may be equally applied to their outward neglect of fame, "*Imperium ſpecie recuſantis fla-*"*grantiſſime cùpiverat*," "Under the maſk of a "refuſal, he concealed the moſt eager deſire of ob-"taining the Imperial dignity." "*Of all the cants* "*in this canting world, the cant of hypocriſy*" and falſe philoſophy, which are nearly allied, is not only *the worſt*, but the moſt *tormenting*.

A

THE

MICROCOSM.

No. XXXVIII.—MONDAY, *July* 23, 1787.

Mos pro lege,
Cuſtom is a ſecond nature.——MONTAIGNE.

NOTWITHSTANDING I feel the diſadvantages under which I labour, in treating of a ſubject ſo happily, and ſo much more ably handled by moſt of my predeceſſors in this way of writing, yet by throwing ſome new light on the old

old materials, I ſhall hope to engage the attention of my readers. Thoſe females who honour my lucubrations with their peruſal, will excuſe me, if perchance ſome lettered beau ſhall have informed them, that my engliſh motto is not exactly the tranſlation of the latin one, and will, rather than cenſure me, be candid enough to call the book of proverbs to an account, for not furniſhing me with a better.

CUSTOM has been very juſtly termed the parent of thoſe many abſurdities, to which we are every day witneſſes, but which, from their frequency become ſo familiar, that we can look upon them "*ſiccis oculis*," and with the ſame indifference as on the moſt rational occurrences of life. It is the hinge, upon which the manners of the world in general, and the peculiarities of each nation turn. What are termed the laws of honor, have the ſanction of CUSTOM only to plead in their behalf. What elſe could ſo directly have oppoſed them to juſtice? It is by ſome author, I know not whom, obſerved, that it is conſidered as diſgraceful in a man who conceives his honour injured, to apply to the laws of his country for redreſs! and yet if he has recourſe to any other expedient, he is puniſhed

by thoſe laws which he has ſlighted. The HIGH COURT OF CUSTOM has preſcribed one remedy, Juſtice another: This has reaſon for its ſupport, that violence; this makes an appeal to the long robe, that to the ſhort cloak. Nay, the very facetious author, from a tranſlation of whoſe eſſays I have taken my *Engliſh* motto, goes much farther in his aſſertion of the power of CUSTOM: He would wiſh to perſuade us, that the laws of conſcience, which all writers without heſitation ſeem to agree in attributing to nature, proceed merely from CUSTOM: From the almoſt innate veneration we feel for the opinions received among our countrymen; and from which conſequently we cannot depart without reluctance, nor adhere to without ſelf-approbation. Nor is CUSTOM alone dictator in the more eſſential occurrences of life, but even directs the moſt trivial alterations of dreſs, phraſe, and the etiquette of good breeding. Our very polite neighbours are certainly guilty of *groſſieretes* even in their moſt refined and poliſhed converſation, even in the humanizing ſociety of the fair, which would ſhock the moſt rugged *Engliſh* ear, and force the bluſh into the cheek of modeſty, eſpecially when unuſed to the ſo frequent repetition of them. And yet theſe ſame people

people would reprobate the idea of the ſmalleſt contradiction to the moſt ridiculous aſſertions, or of differing in the leaſt from the moſt prejudiced opinions. It has been obſerved, that lying and perjury are not vices with the French, but "*only a* "*way of ſpeaking.*"

Perhaps I cannot bring forward a ſtronger inſtance of the prejudices ariſing from cuſtom, than the very extraordinary method of ploughing, known certainly to have been adopted by the *Iriſh*, who, from a long practice of tying their horſes tails to the plough, were ſo biggotted to the cuſtom, that nothing but an abſolute order, (nay I believe an act of parliament) could perſuade them of the ſuperior eaſe and convenience of harneſs. Mr. *Pennant*, if I am not miſtaken, in his tour, mentions a no leſs ſingular prejudice of the *Scotch*. The poorer Highlanders were ſo accuſtomed to a ground floor only, that it was not, 'till after much obſtinate reſiſtance, they could be convinced of the advantage of additional ſtories; and even then they were ſo poſitive in their refuſal to aſcend a ſtaircaſe within the houſe, that it was actually built externally. Every one is acquainted with the dread the *Ruſſians* had of ino-

culation, tho' they saw the ravages of the natural small pox, 'till their Empress, with a courage peculiar to herself, convinced them of its safety, by submitting first herself to the operation. And yet this method was long before practiced with success in *Turkey*, under the name of ingrafting the disease. I cannot but here repeat what I have before observed, how custom familiarizes objects, at first sight the most disgusting to us. And here, gentle and benevolent reader, you will pardon my addressing one of my correspondents in particular, whose case, as censor general of this little world, I think myself in duty bound to consider, and I have given it the consideration it deserves. Let then VIR BONUS frequently repeat his ride through our territories, and in case of molestation, let him plead the promise which I now solemnly (tho' *exclusively*) give *him* of the omission of the thistle. Let him take every opportunity of submitting his deformities to the inspection of my very facetious fellow-citizens, and let him be assured that they will gradually wear off; and that even a brown buz-wig, a light blue coat, and (tho' much the most durable stain about him) black everlasting breeches, may at length thro' custom be incorporated into our ideas.

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of humanity. Let him not however be impatient at the length of the proceſs; let him not in deſpair of ſucceſs put a period to his miſerable exiſtence. The little I have ſeen of this wicked world convinces me, that with a little more experience I ſhall like it very well; let him reflect only on the magnitude of his offence,—that he is a *Quiz*, and rather let him conſole himſelf with the reflection, that be he at preſent never ſuch a "*tough one*," Cuſtom may in courſe of time render him almoſt "*perfectus ad unguem*," *as neat as my nail.*

Montaigne has entertained his readers with a collection of the moſt laughable, and yet the moſt oppoſite cuſtoms that he could pick up from this or any other nation, and by placing them in a very ridiculous point of view, he almoſt extorts from us a reſolution, to make uſe of our own reaſon, in preference to vulgar prejudice, as our guide thro' life. There have been many, who have eagerly embraced the greateſt hardſhips, merely to diſcover the extent of their patience; and to endeavour by practice to lighten and familiarize them. Some have abandoned their riches to exerciſe themſelves in a voluntary poverty;

verty ; others courted labour, and the auſterity of a painful life, to inure themſelves to misfortune and fatigue. Theſe, and more than theſe, merely by a reſolute perſeverence, they at length overcame; and not only by cuſtom were taught to tolerate, but even to take a pleaſure in them. But ſuch men as theſe are not to be deemed the authors of all the frivolous cuſtoms we ſee daily here and every where diſperſed thro' the globe; cuſtoms which have not even the ſanction of a miſtaken virtue to ſupport them, but which are the effects, either of the capricious whims of the few, or of the impenetrable ignorance of the many. Whoever would diſengage himſelf from theſe unaccountable prejudices, will, by a little obſervation diſcover, how many things are received without ſcruple among the multitude, which have not the ſmalleſt foundation in nature or reaſon ; and when this maſk of prejudice is thrown aſide, will be ſpleened to think, how long he has himſelf been an accomplice in blinding the eye of his judgement, and in concurring in opinions the moſt vulgar and contemptible.

To this powerful agent in all human affairs, the *true born Engliſhman* is indebted for many of the

the privileges which he ſo excluſively enjoys, and which nothing but ſo abſolute an authority as that of cuſtom can juſtify. Of theſe not the leaſt is the noble art of SWEARING, which, as I have more fully deſcanted on it in a former paper, I ſhall at preſent leave to reap the benefits of the improvements ſo liberally laid down by me. Rather than relinquiſh any one of theſe rights, the ſturdy *Briton* will ſtand forth the protector of his own and countrymen's liberty, like the old Gaſcons againſt Charlemagne, who were ſo attached to their ſyſtematic rudeneſs and ignorance, that they boldly aſſerted an excluſive privilege of ſtupidity, when he firſt attempted to introduce among them the latin language and imperial laws. Hence alſo that *remnant of manhood*, the Taylor, upon the revolving feſtivals of Chriſtmas and Eaſter, buttons up his knees, draws on his ſhoes, and deſcending from the deſerted board, puts in a claim for every privilege of humanity, by grinning, in imitation of the rational faculty of laughter, and "*by holding up his head like a man.*" I remember a friend of mine who had ſo accuſtomed himſelf to talk in the horſe-dealing phraſe, that I really think he could convey his ideas by no other channel. He was once preſcribing me

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a remedy for a ſprained hip, "*Aye*," ſaid he, "*we* "*muſt fire you on the round bone, and give you a* "*winter's run.*" Upon my expreſſing ſome ſurprize at this addreſs, he loudly exclaimed againſt my ignorance, ſwearing at the ſame time that he believed I ſhould not know a *ſnaffle from a curb.*

I ſhall ſubjoin to theſe remarks a letter from one of my correſpondents, not very foreign from my ſubject.

'DEAR GREG,

'HAVING occaſion to travel 'a few weeks ſince on the north road, I was not a 'little ſurpriſed at being charged by the poſti-'lion for twenty miles, when the real diſtance was 'but ſeventeen. Upon my remonſtrating, the 'boy allowed what I ſaid, but they never charged, 'he ſaid, on that ſtage by the mile ſtones, but by 'the old "*time out of mind*" cuſtom of the houſe. 'Upon ſo barefaced a declaration, I inſtantly paid 'him the money, aſſuring him at the ſame time, 'that tho' I was obliged to ſubmit to *his cuſtom*, I 'never would in future trouble him with *mine*. 'Your opinion of the repartee, will much oblige,

'Dear GREG,

'Your conſtant reader and admirer,

'MISOETHUS.'

M.

The Reader may more easily conceive, than I can express, the extreme sorrow with which I inform the Public, of the indisposition under which Mr. GRIFFIN *now labours. It has been, alas! for some time the opinion of the most able Physicians, that he could not outlive* forty ;—*if so, two weeks,* "*two little weeks, with wings of down*" *(as the Poet says) will terminate his existence, as the Guardian, the Censor, and the Instructor of the little World. He seems indeed, to be fully sensible of his situation; so much so, that he commissioned me to make it known to the Public; and to inform his Correspondents at the same time, that it is his earnest desire, that they would send in to him without delay, their names, and the claims they have to their respective compositions, that he may be able to do them justice in his last will and testament. He is happy that he can attribute his approaching end to no other than natural causes. He had indeed, some time ago, a kind of paralytic affection, which totally deprived him of the use of one half of his body; but to this, (though I cannot indeed pronounce him quite recovered of it,)I can by no means ascribe his alas-I-fear-too-quickly - approaching end.* Tant mieux, *as the* French *have it,* "*so much the better,*" *we are all mortal men; high and low, rich and poor, all must die one time or another; and of this* Mr. GRIFFIN *seems well aware; for tho', for some space of time, one half of his body was of no manner*

ner of ſervice to him, he always kept up his ſpirits. Should Mr. GRIFFIN, *recover, I may be allowed to exclaim with the poet,* " Arma virumque cano,"—*but* τον δ' απαμειβομενος " *if the worſt comes to the worſt,*" *I ſhall have the ſatisfaction to reflect, that I have done my duty in warning the Public of their approaching loſs,—and then—but the dejection of my ſpirits will not ſuffer me to make any other remarks on ſo melancholy a ſubject, than that compleat ſets of the* MICROCOSM, *or any ſingle Number, may be had as uſual of*

THE EDITOR.

Caſtle-Street, Windſor,
July 23, 1787.

THE

MICROCOSM.

No. XXXIX.—MONDAY, *July* 30, 1787.

Non omnis morior—OVID.

I die not all.——GARTH.

DEBILITATED as I am with ſickneſs, I feel that I ſhall not be able to entertain my readers, as uſual, with a calm diſcuſſion of topics not the moſt immediately intereſting. I feel plainly that I am no longer a Man of *this World*. And that being the caſe, I think it incumbent on me to leave to my fellow-citizens ſome knowledge of the Life of one, whoſe writings have been dedicated to their ſervice.

A

A life indeed of ſo ſhort duration, as that of GREGORY GRIFFIN, cannot be ſuppoſed to have been replete with any uncommon incidents; or to have abounded with any ſurpriſing adventures. It has, as may be imagined, been checquered rather by a variety of ſentiments, than ſituations; and owes its diverſification rather to a ſucceſſion of ideas, than a ſeries of events.

Yet even in theſe, I flatter myſelf, that my fellow-citizens will find themſelves intereſted; and that they will be ſolicitous to become acquainted even with the moſt trivial circumſtances, which concern one, to whom they are indebted, if not for inſtruction and entertainment, at leaſt for an earneſt deſire to inſtruct and entertain.

Of my birth and parentage I ſhall ſay nothing; for, from an account of either no inſtruction could be gathered. Of my education—the firſt circumſtances, which I have any recollection of, are, that I was, at the age of ſix years, employed in learning the rudiments of my mother tongue, ſpinning cock-chafers on corking pins, and longing for bread and butter, at a day ſchool, near ———. My proficiency here was ſo great, that

I

I actually got through, within a month, by far the greater part of a gingerbread alphabet, and might be literally said to devour my learning with an astonishing avidity. In my hours of relaxation from study, the utmost stretch of my intellects was the acquisition of the aforesaid bread and butter; the highest notion I could conceive of rational amusement, was enjoyment of that delight, which arose from the contemplation of the abovementioned cock-chafer, writhing, or, as I then, in compliance with the custom of my schoolfellows, termed it, *preaching*, in the agonies of impalement. And yet, my temper, gentle reader, is not cruel; my disposition, would you believe me, is far from tyrannical. But the abuse of power is equally prevalent among children and men. And when we every day find, by melancholy experience, that the strongest intellects, and the maturest judgments are unable to resist the intoxication of uncontrouled command, and rioting in the plenitude of power, break thro' the laws of reason and of right, can we expect that the senses of childhood should be less frequently fascinated, and less easily overcome; and that, when armed with the ability of distributing life and death to the subject tribes of animals and insects,

it

it ſhould exerciſe its dominion with equity, and adminiſter its charge without injuſtice? Not but, with regard to myſelf as well as others, the rage of deſpotiſm has been checked, and the triumphs of tyranny interrupted, by the admonitions of friendly advice, and the interpoſition of parental authority. But, alas, how could I regard thoſe admonitions, or revere that authority — when, after being ſeverely chidden for wantonly diſmembering a waſp, or knocking down a butterfly, I was often called upon to cruſh a ſpider, or trample an earwig to atoms, becauſe forſooth, a lady in the company had conceived a rooted horror to the one, or was endowed with a natural antipathy to the other? Let the parent, who would keep his child pure from the ſtain of cruelty to animals, beware, how he makes him the executioner of his vengeance on even the moſt noxious; the cruſher of ſpiders, and the trampler of earwigs. The diſtinctions of harmleſs and hurtful, are not to be explained to childhood. Self preſervation needs not the admonition.—The child who executes theſe commands, muſt, either if he does not reflect at all, be ſteeled by their repetition againſt the pleadings of pity: or if he does reflect, in what light can he conſider them, but as dictated by the luſt

luſt of deſtroying, cloaked indeed under the affectation of antipathy!

But to proceed in my narrative. My removal at the age of eight years to a *Grammar School*, at ———, as it changed my method of ſtudy, and enlarged my proſpects of improvement in the belles lettres, ſo did it give a totally new turn to the train of my ideas, and open a larger field for the exerciſe of my adventurous ambition. I ſet out with becoming a profeſſed admirer, and would-be imitator, of the heroes of the head-claſs; and wearied the good-natured patience of all my friends, relations, intimates, acquaintance, and viſitors, during the firſt ſix vacations, by relating ten times a day, with a conſiderable degree of archneſs, and an infinite quantity of admiration, the tricks of *Tomlinſon*, and the wickedneſs of *Wilkins*; and "how *Spriggins* kicked the Uſher's ſhins under the table, and then ſaid it was'n't he." I called moreover into action my mimetic powers, and before the expiration of my eleventh year, was able to imitate, with no ſmall ſhare of ſucceſs, the tone and manner of the writing uſher, in pronouncing "*Very vell, Maſter Simkins, I'll far-*" *tinly get you vipt for dartying on your breeches.*"—

But

But the time was now arrived, when I was to be no longer the trumpeter of another's fame, the humble admirer of another's atchievements. Having attained the "topmoſt round" of that learning which this ſeminary was capable of beſtowing, and going on, as I was, in my twelfth year, I thought it time to aim at being the pattern of the excellence I had pictured; and to become myſelf the hero of my own celebration. Like the ſon of *Fingal*, I now reſolved to ſing the atchievements of myſelf and my own companions.

——— ——"*quæque ipſe miſerrima vidi,*
"*Et quorum pars magna fui.*"

And if in the ardor of narration, I by chance, had drained the ſources of reality, and emptied the ſtores of truth, I betook myſelf, without heſitation, to ranſacking the riches of fiction; and truſted implicitly to the inexhauſtible fertility of my own invention. Many a time have I entertained, or perhaps tired, an indulgent audience, with long accounts of my miraculous eſcapes from dangers of my own raiſing; and extricated myſelf, with admirable addreſs, from ſituations of my own contriving. Often have I, for the ſake of diſplaying my heroiſm, and telling a good ſtory,

ſtory, endangered my precious neck, by leaping fancied ditches, and climbing imaginary walls, for the purpoſe of deſpoiling fictitious apple-trees, or non-exiſtent gooſeberry-trees.

Luckily for my ſafety, and perhaps for my reputation, I was reſcued from the midſt of theſe "imminent deadly" dangers by a removal to *Eton*. From her to have "ſucked the milk of ſcience," to have contracted for her a pious fondneſs and veneration, which will bind me for ever to her intereſts; and perhaps, (pardon kind reader, the licenſed vanity of a Periodical Writer, abandoning himſelf on his death-bed to the faſcination of egotiſm) to have improved by my earneſt endeavours her younger part of the preſent generation, is to me a ſource of infinite pride and ſatisfaction.

But I find myſelf growing weak, and am unable to proceed any farther. With the reſt of my life, and how it has been employed, my fellow-citizens are ſufficiently acquainted.—For my own part, I look back upon it with contentment; —but I muſt reſign the pen to my *Publiſher*, who will ſay whatever I have left unſaid—that ought to be made known to my Countrymen.—They will,

I flatter myself, remember, not without esteem, the name of GREGORY GRIFFIN,—they will preserve a regard for his memory.—

Mr. GRIFFIN could not finish the sentence he was about; this last effort has quite exhausted him, and he has left to me the melancholy office of concluding his life.—Which, by the bye, if printed, with a neat type, in a thin octavo, and adorned with a well looking title page, would cut a very pretty figure in the annals of literature. I should, indeed, be a little in doubt whether to entitle it simply the LIFE OF MR. GRIFFIN, or the CONFESSIONS OF MR. GRIFFIN, or AN APOLOGY FOR THE LIFE AND WRITINGS, &c. but of that hereafter—*Tempus edax rerum.*—I find nothing among Mr. G's papers worthy of meeting the public eye; as I discovered upon searching his breeches pockets since he went to bed, that they consist of, in his right hand pocket, his laundress's bill; in his fob, a piece of brown paper, containing one penny-worth of sugar-candy, of which he was wont to be very fond; and a small note to a friend, containing a positive declaration that he leaves behind him no writings whatsoever unpublished, but his

his Will, which he intends enjoining his executors to lay before his fellow-citizens after his deceaſe.

It may be queſtioned, why, I, who muſt naturally entertain a veneration for his perſon, do not, now, that ſo fair an opportunity offers itſelf, attempt ſomething, juſt by way of a character or ſo; and it may be ſuſpected, that there is ſome reaſon for the omiſſion; and to ſay truth, ſo there is.—It muſt be confeſſed, that I have for ſome time intended, (and have collected materials for the purpoſe,) as the eyes of the world muſt infallibly be fixed on his exit, to favour it, after Mr. G's demiſe, with a collection of *Anecdotes*, *Stories*, *Smart Sayings*, *Witty Repartees*, *Funny Jokes*, *and Shining Sentiments*, under the comprehenſive title of GRIFFINIANA.—Of this work the following extracts will give a ſufficient ſpecimen.

'Mr. GRIFFIN was a man of great humour. 'Coming one day into the parlour, where *Pompey*, 'the *Editor's* little dog, was lying and baſking be'fore the fire, "I proteſt, *Pompey*," ſaid he, "you "are almoſt as lazy a dog as myſelf!!!"

'The voluntary fallies of Mr. GRIFFIN's wit 'were only to be equalled by the readineſs of his 'repartees: of this the two following anecdotes, 'will give evidence.

'Mr. GRIFFIN walking one day in the Street, 'was ſuddenly accoſted by a friend of his, who, 'pulling off his hat, addreſſed him with "How "do you do, Mr. GRIFFIN?" Mr. GRIFFIN. 'without the ſmalleſt heſitation, or embarraſſment, 'inſtantly retorted "Pretty well, I thank you, "Sir; I hope you are well?"

'Another time, Mr. GRIFFIN was attacked in 'a large company by a lady, who thinking to 'catch him unprepared, aſked him very ſharply, "how much two and two made?" "Two and two, "madam," ſaid he, with great quickneſs, and 'without betraying the ſmalleſt confuſion, "make "*four*."

I will be candid enough to own, that the idea of this publication was borrowed from one of a ſimilar kind, on a man of almoſt equal eminence with him who is to be the ſubject of theſe memoirs. But tho' there may be a near reſemblance between

between the anecdotes here set down, and some which are related of that Gentleman, the reader will, I hope, have fairness enough to think, that it is very possible that both should be original. I have however been once on the point of dropping the design, when it was represented to me by a friend, on whose judgment I had great reliance, "that I should act unworthily as a biographer, "and ungenerously as a friend, in endeavouring to "reduce the name of Mr. GRIFFIN, by such a "publication, to the level of *Joe Miller* and *Tom* "*Brown;* and in rashly bringing to light, such "uninteresting and trifling effusions of momentary "mirth, or occasional levity, as would but detract "from the weight of his other performances; and "such, as from their own intrinsic merit, could "only pass without ridicule, when they passed "without public observation."

THE EDITOR.

THE MICROCOSM.

No. XL.—MONDAY, *July* 30, 1787.

Amicorum munus eſt, quæ voluerit, meminiſſe,
——— quæ mandaverit, exequi.——TACIT.

It is the office of friends, to remember the requeſts of the deceaſed, and faithfully execute his commiſſions.

THE melancholy event predicted in a late Number has taken place.—GREGORY GRIFFIN is no more.

About five minutes, three ſeconds after nine o'clock on *Monday* evening, his friends were alarmed by a haſty ſummons to his bedſide. The good

good gentleman ſeemed to be perfectly ſenſible that the moment of his diſſolution drew near.

It has been uſually cuſtomary with the Biographers of eminent men, when drawing towards the concluſion of their Hero's exiſtence, to make the World acquainted with every little ſymptom attending his exit. But the effects of a Cathartic, or the operation of an Emetic, have been too minutely inveſtigated, and too frequently diſcuſſed, to be any longer intereſting; and the various circumſtances of this kind which marked the termination of Mr. GRIFFIN's exiſtence, would be of as little conſequence to the literary, as medical World. Theſe therefore we ſhall omit mentioning.

"My friends!" (ſaid he, as we ſtood round him, raiſing himſelf a little on his left elbow, while the bookſeller's boy placed a pillow under his head, *We knew there was but one way, for his noſe was as ſharp as a pen*)—"my friends," ſaid he, "I could not quit *this World* ſatisfactorily to "my own conſcience, without acknowledging my "obligations to you. I die, it is true, at an age, "when I might, without preſumption, have

" hoped for the enjoyment of a protracted ex-
" iſtence. But I have long foreſeen this event,
" and am happy to be prepared to meet it. It
" is a great conſolation to me, that I leave you
" behind me, the defenders of my conduct, in
" that official character, which, I have during
" my life-time ſupported. It has been my en-
" deavour to blend the inſtruction of my fellow-
" citizens with their entertainment; to temper
" my cenſure with lenity; and to laugh away their
" follies, rather than to ſcourge their vices. If,
" in any one of theſe points, my ſucceſs has been
" equal to my wiſhes; the end of my exiſtence is
" fully anſwered.

" It has indeed ſo happened, that contrary to
" my expectations, my name has found its way be-
" yond the limits of our little republic. Even
" there, caſt as I was on the *wide World*, I have
" met with ſuch a reception, as to convince me,
" that the tendency of my plan has been warmly
" approved; however inadequate may have ap-
" peared its execution. And if by theſe means,
" I have added one more citizen to our Com-
" mon Wealth, or contributed to diffuſe a patri-
" otic love of *Eton* among its preſent members,
then

" then indeed ſhall I be proud to congratulate my-
" ſelf on the ſucceſs of my endeavours.—But I
" feel my ſtrength going from me."—The Pub-
liſher pulled out his pocket-handkerchief—
"Adieu!" — the Publiſher applied his pocket-
handkerchief to his eyes. "To your care I en-
" truſt my will,—you will find, I have not for-
" gotten you, my friends:—you will execute my
" commiſſions with fidelity."—"Mr. GRIFFIN is
" dead" ſaid the bookſeller,—"Sure enough" ſaid
the bookſeller's boy.—The printer's devil blub-
bered.—It was too much.—We were forced to
retire to give vent to our feelings—and open the
Will.—A copy of it we now lay before the
Public.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT,
OF
GREGORY GRIFFIN, ESQ.

' *Viceſimo tertio die JULII, anno regni GEORGII*
' *Tertii Magnæ Britanniæ, Franciæ, et Hiberniæ Regis,*
' *Fidei Defenſoris, &c. viceſimo ſeptimo; Domini,*
' *milleſimo ſeptingenteſimo octogeſimo ſeptimo.*

' I, GREGORY GRIFFIN, of the College of
' ETON, in the County of BUCKS, being
' weak

'weak in body, but ſound in underſtanding, 'on this twenty-third inſtant of this July preſent, 'in the twenty-ſeventh year of the reign of his 'Majeſty GEORGE the third, of Great-Britain, 'France and Ireland, King, Defender of the 'Faith, &c. in the year of our Lord, one thouſand 'ſeven hundred and eighty-ſeven, do hereby com-'mit my body to the preſs, from whence it came; 'my ſpirit to the comprehenſion of my readers.

'Of my Worldly Effects, conſiſting chiefly of 'Eſſays, Poems, Letters, &c. &c.

'IMPRIMIS, I do give and bequeath the 'whole of the aforeſaid Eſſays, Poems, Letters, '&c. &c. to my much-beloved friends J. SMITH, 'G. CANNING, R. SMITH, and J. FRERE; 'to be among them divided as ſhall be hereafter 'by me appointed; excepting only ſuch legacies, 'as ſhall be hereafter by me aſſigned to other my 'worthy and approved friends.

'And I do further conſtitute and appoint the 'aforeſaid, my much-beloved friends, the Ex-'ecutors and Adminiſtrators of this my laſt Will 'and Teſtament, to divide my Effects, according 'to the form appointed therein.

ITEM.

'ITEM. I DO GIVE AND BEQUEATH to 'Mr. JOHN SMITH, late of the College of 'ETON, now of KING's College, CAM- 'BRIDGE, all my Papers, Eſſays, &c. &c. which 'bear the Signature of A.

'ITEM. To Mr. GEORGE CANNING, now 'of the College of ETON, I DO GIVE AND 'BEQUEATH all my Papers, Eſſays, &c. &c. 'ſigned with B.

'ITEM. To Mr. ROBERT SMITH, now of 'the College of ETON aforeſaid, I DO ASSIGN 'all my Papers, &c. &c. (as aforeſaid) ſigned C.

'ITEM. I DO MAKE OVER to Mr. JOHN 'FRERE, now of the aforeſaid College of 'ETON, all my Papers, &c. (as beforemen- 'tioned) marked D.

'ITEM. To Mr. JOSEPH MELLISH, of 'TRINITY College, CAMBRIDGE, in token 'of my reſpect and eſteem, I DO ASSIGN the 'Paper bearing the ſignature of M.

'ITEM. To Mr. B. WAY, I DO BEQUEATH 'the Letter ſigned MUSIDORUS; to Mr. 'LITTLEHALES, the Letter of CÆMETE- 'RIUS; to LORD H. SPENCER, the Letter 'and Poem of IRONICULUS, with the Letter of 'Σεφος Πολυφαγος.'

'The

'The reſt of my Papers, &c. &c. here un-'diſpoſed of, I DO HEREBY ENJOIN my 'EXECUTORS, to make over to ſuch of 'my CORRESPONDENTS as ſhall ſeverally 'make good their claims thereunto; DE-'CLARING moreover, that all ſuch PAPERS 'as do not bear any of the aforeſaid ſignatures, 'A. B. C. or D are not to be conſidered as the 'property of my EXECUTORS.

'Dated this Twenty-third Day of *July* pre-'ſent, in the Year, &c. &c. 1787,

'Signed

'GREGORY GRIFFIN.'

Witneſſes

CHARLES KNIGHT,

PHILIP NORBURY.

And now, in the character of Mr GRIFFIN's Executors, having firſt rendered our thanks to the Public, for the great ſupport which that gentleman has experienced from their candour and indulgence; it would be ungrateful, were we not in his name to expreſs his more particular obligations, to a *World*, which he quits with ſo much regret.

Long may it flouriſh, as it has hitherto done, the Nurſery of Heroes and Stateſmen; of Poets, and Philoſophers; and may its Citizens, equally qualified to ſhine in the buſy ſphere of political eminence, or cultivate with taſte the elegancies of literary retirement, ever look back with filial affection on the ſpot where they were formed for ſuch noble, ſuch elevated purpoſes.

May the Contemporaries of Mr. GRIFFIN, ever join with him in looking up with gratitude and veneration to the INSTRUCTOR of their youth, whoſe approbation has been equally the aim of all *their* puerile exertions. To him, as the ſource, from which their merit, if any, has originated, we now commend

commend the Guardianſhip of theſe early efforts, begun under his auſpices; and conſequently with peculiar propriety entruſted to the continuance of ſuch diſtinguiſhed approbation.

B. & C.

F I N I S.

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The Microcosm 3d ed.

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